

SEPTEMBER 10, 1921

Leslie's

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The reflection

in text and pictures of those things which intimately concern intelligent people, is the none too easy task JUDGE has set for itself. It does not pretend to be a mirror of the news; but it does aim to present with jovial good-humor and to show up the weaker and therefore the more human side of American life. The gay prose and rollicking rhymes, the pictures that put over a message of good cheer and expose the frailties common to all of us, though never funny except when they affect the other fellow, is one of the reasons for the popularity of "The Happy Medium."

One of the entertaining new features of JUDGE is the series of portraits for which the great ones of our country have personally posed, accompanied with thumb-nail biographies of the sitters that are the essence of genial caricature, albeit they are as penetrating as a surgeon's scalpel. These portraits, under the general title, "Among Those Pleasant," are made from life by Leo Mielziner, than whom there is no better delineator of character in America. Good-humored, they are also an accentuation of the very souls of the sitters. Among those who have already been portrayed are: **Rex Beach, Montague Glass, George Horace Lorimer, Edward Bok and Robert W. Chambers.**

President Harding and Senator Henry Cabot Lodge

will soon appear in the pages of JUDGE, having granted special sittings and declared themselves delighted with Mr. Mielziner's artistry. You really cannot afford to miss a single issue of

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VOLUME
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Where the Snow and the Wild Flowers Meet in Colorado

Regardless of what the thermometer might register, this rather unusual juxtaposition of snow and wild flowers was to be found any day this summer just fifty miles from Denver, Col. The girls, who have been alternately pelting each other with snowballs and picking daisies, are seated on a

gentle slope of "Goliath Peak," which towers 13,000 feet above sea level. Immediately behind them—so near that they can touch it—a vast blanket of snow begins; and in the distance, by no means presenting the appearance of the giant it really is, Mt. Warren may be seen, touched with white.

FOR AMERICAN PROGRESS AMERICAN IDEALS
AMERICAN SUPREMACY

Leslie's

EDITORIALS

Condemned to Prosper

FOR the past year, at banquets and other gathering points of great minds, solution of the world's economic problems has been summarized in the slogan: "Work! Produce!" The prescription guaranteed to cure all economic ills was "increased production." One nation in the world has taken that advice to heart. Namely, Germany. It is working and producing at top speed because in no other way can it pay its indemnity bills to the Allies. The rest of the world is marking time, but Germany is on the job because it has no choice in the matter.

The Allied nations, the United States among them, see cause for alarm in Germany's activity. They fear "world domination" by German industry. That fear is one of the grim jokes of a world turned upside-down. The Allies, conquerors, have condemned Germany, the vanquished, to a course which makes German commercial ascendancy more than possible. This, by the Allies' own formula of success. "Work, produce" was given as the open sesame of triumphant reconstruction, and Germany works and produces under Allied compulsion, while the Allies themselves, like Mr. Micawber, "wait for something to turn up."

Travelogue on Water

SALT LAKE CITY is more than four thousand feet up in the air and surrounded by snow-covered mountains. Down these mountains the melting snows pour, to light and wash the city's streets, provide amazingly cheap and abundant electric power, and water gardens and people. The Salt Lake crowds ride out to Saltair to swim and dance just as they do to Coney Island and it costs them 35 cents for the round trip on fast electric trains, and the dancing, in the biggest dance hall in the world (according to local report) costs them nothing. Down the gutters of Salt Lake's main street flows a continuous torrent of crystal water. Papers, dust, banana-skins, tin cans, even, are swept instantly away.

At most of the down-town corners, and frequently at several other places in the block, are neat little porcelain drinking-fountains with spouts of bubbling water. Real "fountains" they are, into which passers-by can bury half their faces while they drink and have no misgivings that they may be swallowing germs left by the last man.

Strangers in Salt Lake say that they drink more water here in their first few days than they would in a week in New York. There is so much of it, it is so crystal clear and cold, the boiling fountains look so attractive, that you take a gulp from every one you pass, or drink to kill time while waiting for friends or trolleys.

If it were possible to install such a string of fountains along the Bowery or Broadway, with such clear and

icy water, the enforcement of the prohibition law would probably be about twice as easy.

Outsiders so often think of Salt Lake in terms of supposedly dour-visaged Mormon elders and apostles (most of whom, as a matter of fact, are very brisk modern business men) that it deserves to be pointed out that the town is one of the brightest, cleanest and handsomest to be found in America.

The Happy Ending

EVERY now and then some long-suffering inhabitant of what the literati of the Atlantic seaboard describe as the "hinterland" arises to protest against the belief that Americans are not of stout enough soul to stand the logical, if unhappy, ending. We are pleased to record the following remarks of Mr. Walter E. Myer, professor of economics and sociology in the normal school at Emporia, Kansas, anent the cloying optimism of the average moving picture play.

"The hero," he says, "who has struggled nobly to pay off the mortgage on the home of his widowed mother, in some utterly impossible way always inherits a fortune or discovers a new gold field just as the old skinflint is about to foreclose, and everybody lives happily ever after. This is not the way things happen in real life. The baby vamp can't expect everyone to cater to her wants and whims. The young man who is poor but honest can't expect a rich but hitherto unknown uncle to die and leave him a fortune just as he needs it most. . . . The great need to-day is social sympathy. Over half the people live in perpetual fear of losing their jobs. If some producer would picture this situation in its reality, twenty million people would see it and know that something should be done."

These heretical remarks come from the heart of Kansas,—although it is probably too much to hope that the editors of any of our pretty-girl-how-I-got-rich popular magazines will believe it. Their convictions are fixed.

The "old lady in Oshkosh" for whom their publications are designed wants an unvaried diet of cream puffs and strawberry sundaes, and anyhow, they are determined it is what she needs, and shall have, whether she wants it or not.

* * *

A FOREHANDED young couple, furnishing their new living-room, will buy sufficient sectional bookcase to house the twenty-volume instalment history of the next war.

* * *

GENERAL DAWES, watchdog of the budget, has a distinctly unmilitary job. It will be up to him to see that neither Congress nor any federal department head goes "over the top." Zero hour has a new and very chilly meaning in Washington.

A NIGHTGOWN TYRANNY

How the Mystic Robes of the Ku Klux Klan Again Have Become a Cloak for Lawless Outrages

By WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD



GILLIAMS

This might be a scene from Mr. D. W. Griffith's "Birth of a Nation"—but it isn't. It is, instead, a photograph of present-day members of the Ku Klux Klan rehearsing during the day one of their midnight meetings for the benefit of the camera man.

GIVE me a cable from Atlanta, Ga., to Moscow or to Rome, and I will prove, in a few days, to newspaper-reading Russians or Italians or any other folks where the cable leads, that certain portions of the United States are uncivilized places, regions of horrors.

* * *

When I was in Russia, a man who owned a flour mill was awakened at night in his home by peasants whose flour he had ground for many years and dragged into the yard; where he was stripped and whipped within an inch of his life. Then he was driven out of the village. Hundreds and thousands of such cases occurred in Russia, and the press reports of these incidents have caused the vast majority of Americans to believe Russia utterly uncivilized.

While I was in Italy, a poet named D'Annunzio took it into his head to supersede his government, and to carry out what, he thought, were the rights of Italy. He reigned with bloodshed and terror. While he was in power, the Italian Government was the laughing stock of the world, and none of the nations would make any treaties or pacts with her, until she had shown her power over D'Annunzio. Newspaper reports of the "carrying-on" of D'Annunzio caused the

world to doubt the quality of Italy's civilization. Italy herself finally put herself right in the eyes of the world by crushing D'Annunzio.

I am one of the newspaper men who did their best, in 1917, to send to the United States all the stories that they could find of Russian disorders; it seemed necessary to make these stories known to the people of the United States. They were expecting that mighty Russia would come back into the war and help crush the Germans. It was imperative to show, by these stories, that Russia never would be able to help again, that she was finished.

I was also one of the newspaper reporters at Paris who sent to America all the stories they could uncover of D'Annunzio's cruelties and madness.

In both Russia and Italy such stories were not hard to find.

But if you were to place a Russian or an Italian correspondent in some of the States in our country to-day, and tell him to find the sort of stories that I sought for in Russia or Italy in 1917 and 1918, he would have as easy a time as I had in getting the news he wanted—and, what's more, he would be able to create, in the minds of his distant readers, an impression of the United States that would cause Russians or Italians to look on the place with horror.

In other words, there are districts of the United States to-day as lawless, and as liable to witness horrible happenings, as any district in Russia or Italy or upset Germany or topsy-turvy Poland or any other European land which we Americans look on as suffering from after-war lawlessness.


And this lawlessness, strange to say, is being committed not by illiterate and misused peasants, by Bolsheviks or by the paid soldiers of a mad poet; but by alleged good citizens of the middle classes, strangely moved to an alleged desire to enforce law by taking the law into their own hands.

In one of the great new towns of Texas recently, I sat in a magnificent restaurant where a body of business men were holding a noon-day luncheon. The citizen with whom I was lunching lowered his voice and said to me:

"At least one-third of those men belong to the Ku Klux Klan."

"What?" I said. "Do you actually mean to say that your best business men belong to the Klan?"

"Oh, not our best," he said. "Not our gentlemen. Only the brutal ones, who got the idea, during the war, what with the Liberty Loan drives and the spy hunts, and so forth, that they were the saviors of the community."




APPLICATION FOR CITIZENSHIP

IN THE
INVISIBLE EMPIRE

Knights of the Ku Klux Klan

(Incorporated)



To His Majesty the Imperial Wizard, Emperor of the Invisible Empire of the Ku Klux Klan:

I, the undersigned, a native born, true and loyal citizen of the United States of America, being a white male Gentle person of temperate habits, sound mind and a believer in the tenets of the Christian religion, the maintenance of White Supremacy and the principles of a "pure Americanism" do most respectfully apply for membership in the Knights of the Ku Klux Klan through Klan No., Realm of

I, guarantee on my honor to conform strictly to all rules and requirements regulating my "naturalization" and the continuance of my membership, and at all times a strict and loyal obedience to your constitutional authority and the constitution and laws of the fraternity. If I prove untrue as a Klansman I will willingly accept as my portion whatever penalty your authority may impose.

The required "klectokon" accompanies this application.

Signed—

Applicant.

Endorsed by
Kl. Residence Address.....
Kl. Business Address.....
Kl. Date..... 192.....

The person securing this application must sign on top line above. NOTICE: Check the Address to which mail may be sent.

Wife's Church Affiliation.....
Parents' Church Affiliation.....
References:
Address.....
Address.....
Address.....

Person securing application MUST get this information.
Applicant's occupation is

Employed by.....
His age is..... years
His weight is..... lbs.
His height is..... ft..... in.

This applicant was elected to membership in this Order by
Klan No..... Realm of.....
This applicant was duly naturalized by same,
....., 19.....
I certify the above to be correct.

Signed—
..... Kilgrapp.
Klan No..... Realm of.....

(Printed by The Ku Klux Press)

Reported Favorably by.....

This interesting document requires no explanatory caption.

The long and short of the matter is that an organization which calls itself the Ku Klux Klan is "riding" again in the South. Good citizens are protesting against its outrages; the press of the South is almost solidly against its activities; State legislators are passing laws against it; and officers of the law are doing their best to run down its various local membership. It is thriving with difficulty in many communities; and yet, if we are to trust the word of its officials, it is growing in membership, both North and South, at the rate of 5,000 members a week.

First-hand information, gathered in the South, about the old Ku Klux Klan, which played a large part not only in the history of the South but in the history of the United States, shows that this organization which is holding forth in certain Southern States—though not all—and which is said to be gathering a heavy membership in the North, is not the old Ku Klux Klan. It is a new organization

with other purposes than those of the old.

The real, official Ku Klux Klan, which numbered among its leaders such fine old Southerners as Gen. N. B. Forrest, George W. Gordon, of Memphis, A. H. Colquitt, G. T. Anderson, A. R. Lawton, and W. J. Harder, had a life of approximately only three years. General Forrest, who was Imperial Wizard of the order, once announced that it had a membership of half a million men in the South. The purpose of the Ku Klux Klan was to help the whites regain control of the social order at a time when all the slaves of the South had been set free. The men in the white robes often represented themselves to the ignorant and superstitious negroes as the ghosts of Confederate soldiers who had been killed in the war.

The real Ku Klux Klan worked for a psychological effect, not a physical effect. A white-robed horseman would ride up to a darky's cabin, hand the bridle of his horse to a negro with one hand, reach up with his other hand and remove his own "head," offering it to a negro to hold, saying, "That old head hasn't worked right since I was killed at Antietam." Or a costumed Klansman would come to a negro's shanty in the night and ask for a pail of water. The ghost would "drink" this water in a few gulps, pouring the water into a rubber bag, hidden in his robe. He would then remark, "That's the best drink I've had since I was killed at the battle of Shiloh."

Thousands and scores of thousands of such alarming but harmless incidents were brought about by the intelligent Klansman of the South. The superstition about the Klansmen was spread through the negro world, and historians of both the North and South do not hesitate to say that the Klansmen did much to make easier the transition from slavery to a sounder economic condition.

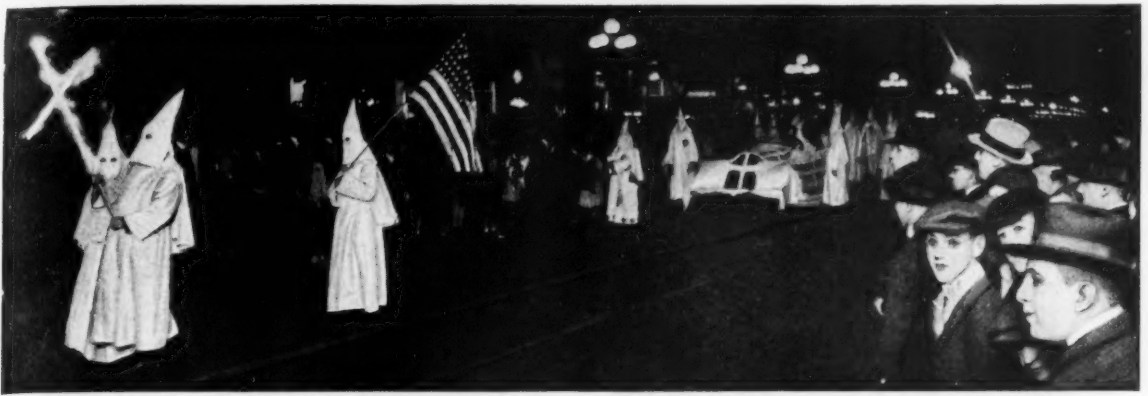
But—and here is the point on which the movement of to-day hinges—the leaders among the Ku Klux Klan of those days found that the movement was getting out of their control. They officially disorganized in 1869 the Klan which had been first organized in Pulaski, Tenn., in 1867. Loyal members of the Klan tore up their white robes, destroyed their records and formally disbanded the organization.

Yet white-robed night riders continued to ride. They made full use of all the paraphernalia of the Klan. But physical rather than psychological punishment was their aim, and only too often their object was not to perform punishment but to commit outright crime. The real Klansmen had sought only to subjugate, by superstition, the restless and unruly myriads of negroes who had been set free by Lincoln's proclamation. The pseudo-Klansmen, who came after them, often terrified entire communities, including whites themselves. Life became insecure in many southern communities, as a result of the activities of the alleged Klansmen, and the Congress of the United States was finally called upon to investigate the situation. Members of the original Klan appeared before Congressional committees and testified that the purposes of the Klan had been legitimate. They were "the protection of the weak; the relief of the injured and oppressed; the extension of aid to orphans and widows of Confederate soldiers, and assistance to the Government in the execution of all constitutional laws."

The Congress of the early seventies that heard first-hand the story of the Ku Klux Klan discovered that it called its sphere "The Invisible Empire." The national chief was known as the "Grand Wizard." Each State was known as a "Realm" and the State chief was a "Grand Dragon." A "Grand Titan" ruled over a Congressional district, which was called a "Dominion." A county was known as a "Province" and the chief of a "Province" was a "Grand Giant." Counties were divided into "Camps" or "Dens," and the local chief was known as a "Grand Cyclops." Members of a "Camp" or "Den" were called "Ghouls."

That Congress of two generations ago learned that the Klansmen always wore long white robes, with masks, and that their hats were high-pointed, cardboard creations, with ears or horns attached. Their horses were also disguised with white coverings.

There is little doubt that the white-



Now and then through the streets of some city south of the Mason and Dixon's line moves a procession similar to this. The silence of the participants, their strange robes, and the air of mystery that

clings to the entire dramatic proceeding never fails to strike terror to the hearts of the ignorant. This particular demonstration—an unusually impressive one—was made by the Klansmen in Savannah, Ga.

robed men who "rode" after the Klan had been officially disbanded had political purposes, or used the Klan garb in political defense. The South was flooded with Republican "carpet-baggers," who tried to control the negro vote, and thus gain political control of the South. Many a good Democrat, in those days about Election time, put on a white robe and went out to frighten away from the community some loud-mouthed, conscienceless politician from the North. After Congress had gleaned all the facts President Grant, nineteen days after his inauguration in 1871, sent a message to Congress, in which he declared that Federal Government mail carriers and Federal Government revenue collectors were going in danger of their lives in some of the Southern States, because of the alleged Klansmen, and he asked legislation. Congress immediately passed a law known as the "Ku Klux Klan Act," putting all cases of Klan outrages into the Federal instead of the local courts. This law gave the President power to use military force in subduing Klanism and to suspend the right of habeas corpus in such cases. It gave Federal judges the right to exclude Klansmen or their accomplices from serving on juries.

This law of April, 1871, was effective. It killed Klanism.

But now, after half a century, we have the white-robed men with us again.

This twentieth century Ku Klux Klan has its headquarters in Atlanta, Ga. The Grand Wizard, at this writing, is William Joseph Simmons. Simmons makes no secrecy of his position or authority. He often gives statements to the press. Not long ago, at great expense, he sent a one-thousand word telegram to half a hundred newspapers in Southern States, declaring that any illegal acts done by alleged Klansmen could not be laid at the door of the Ku Klux Klan. He deplored, in this statement, the criticism which the press of the country was directing toward the Ku Klux Klan, and insisted that all the aims of the Klan were honorable and patriotic and legal. In fact, his statement read exactly like statements which

were issued by the real Ku Klux Klan leaders fifty years and more ago, when they discovered that the Klan had run away from them and that they could no longer control its activities or keep its members or pseudo-members from terrifying the countryside. Shortly after issuing statements like Simmons, the leaders disbanded the order in 1869.

The objects of this twentieth-century Ku Klux Klan, as stated in an application blank which I secured during investigation in Southern States, are far different from those of the original Klan. The creed of the old organization, for instance, provided that members should recognize the "Divine Being." The application blank of to-day's order has drawn a creed, as well as a color line; the applicant, it has been specified, must be a "white, male, Gentile," a "believer in the tenets of the Christian religion." While the old order, in other words, admitted all white men, the new order has admitted only American-born, white male Occidentals. Simmons has recently announced that the Ku Klux Klan will shortly admit white women to membership and that he is drawing up a plan for the initiation of members of the gentler sex.

The aims and objects of the new order reworded with fine declarations of Americanism. These, if carried out in legal

fashion, would undoubtedly make the United States a better place in which to live. But it is the difficulty of forcing the Klansmen to act in legal fashion which gives the new movement a sinister aspect.

The Grand Wizard recently declared: "In the face of these great objects and purposes, to which every American should and does subscribe, it is ridiculous for anyone to imagine that I, as Imperial Wizard, would allow this organization to degenerate into a lawless institution of any kind.

"We are increasing, at the present time, at the rate of 5,000 members a week.

The increase is double north of the Mason-and-Dixon line."

The only punishment which the Imperial Wizard can mete out to an organization which tends to bring about degeneration of the Ku Klux Klan is dismissal or withdrawal of the charter. This dismissal cannot in any way prevent the former members from clothing themselves in white robes, covering their automobiles in white drapery, hiding their automobile license numbers and proceeding to acts of lawlessness as before.

A trip through the South discloses that the average citizen has no faith in the ability of the Atlanta Chieftains to control the activities of the Klan members.

(Concluded on page 346)



GILLIAMS

A few years after the termination of the Civil War, when the Ku Klux Klan was operating and the Federal authorities were endeavoring to apprehend them, the names of its members were a secret. To-day, however, the Klan actually possesses a publicity department, and everybody knows that William Joseph Simmons, whose portrait this is, is head—"Grand Wizard"—of the organization. Atlanta, Georgia, is headquarters at the present time.



© KEYSTONE

Caruso did not always occupy the center of the stage—as this snapshot proves. The little star, flanked by Mrs. Caruso and the great tenor, is

Gloria, the Carusos' daughter. The picture was made just before the great Italian sailed away from America for the last time.

“CARUSO! CARISSIMO!”

Hitherto Unpublished Facts About the Sudden Death of the Best Loved of all Singers

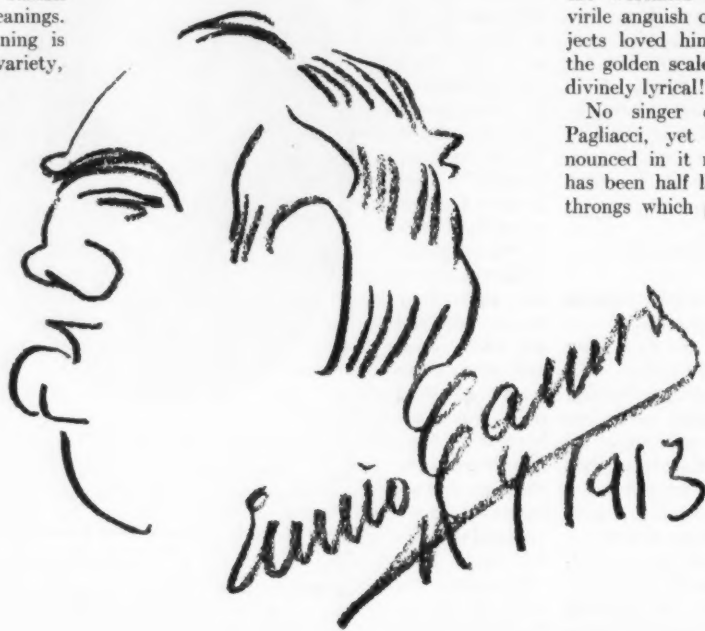
By RICHARD BARRY

PAGLIACCI is an Italian word of two meanings.

The literary meaning is straw of the discarded variety, chopped and blown about the fields—worthless straw. The poetic meaning is clownishness, broad and absurd clownishness; that is slapstickery, guffawing, buffonery.

Yet around this word and this thought Leoncavallo has written one of the most heart-searching of operas, one that thrusts a poignant stab into the emotions, one that always leaves the audience molten with the thought, “all the world’s a stage, and all the men and women merely players.”

Especially when Caruso sang Canio, the gay clown with the heart of gold,



the worthless straw enmeshed in the virile anguish of a man. How his subjects loved him then, this emperor of the golden scale, this supernal chorister, divinely lyrical!

No singer ever entirely failed in Pagliacci, yet when Caruso was announced in it no opera house in years has been half large enough to hold the throngs which gathered, eagerly willing to pay any price and to endure any discomfort for the privilege of a brief hour of such celestial music.

So it was on the evening of December 8, 1920, at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. Every seat was taken; the aisles packed; firemen at the doors counted off the standees to the last limit of the law. Disappointed scores dropped disgruntled away in Broadway and the side streets.

If the papers had

This sketch, a caricature of himself, was made by Caruso in his dressing-room at the Metropolitan Opera House while he was preparing for his part in “Rigoletto.” He presented it to E. J. Burrowes, Manager of the New York “Times” Art Department. “If I ever should lose my voice,” he said to Mr. Burrowes, “don’t forget me. I will want a job on your staff.”

announced, "to-day the great Caruso is to be killed by Pagliacci," the desire to be present could have presented but little greater difficulties to the management.

Never was he in better form. At the supreme summit of his gift, conqueror at last of his early foe, the critics; idol of all music lovers, revered and respected by every associate, recipient of the highest fees ever paid a histrion and of all the honors that could possibly be conferred on the royalty of song, he bore it all meekly with the strict conscience of the perfect creative artist, and, with the bluff generosity of an honest man, gave his best in return.

HOW that part suited him! The silk-clothed, buoyant harlequin with his vagabond troupe! Can we ever forget that hysteric entrance, beating his foolish drum with ecstatic abandon, grinning from ear to ear, slapping his comrades on the back so heartily that they choked, reviving them instantly with a caress that warmed them to their toes.

But O! The music! It was *his*. Others have and will sing it, but none, we fondly believe, will ever endow it with the effulgent glory that was Caruso's.

For it was not only the music, it was the part that was Caruso—that silly pagliacci, that gorgeous buffoon living a play within a play; outside the lyric sweetness of the lark and the gorgeous boldness of the bird of paradise, inside the breaking of a loving, trusting man. It was heroism masked by farce, tragedy under a veil of gayety.

That bleak December night Caruso flashed into the opera with the sunny warmth of his beloved Naples. His



KEYSTONE

This excellent likeness of Caruso—made in Naples—is of especial interest because of the fact that it was the last photograph ever made of the tenor.

auditors were enchanted, uplifted, ecstatic. None knew, least of all himself, that he was playing out before them the final drama of his artistic as of his mortal life—and to the bitter end, a play within a play, a tragedy hid by farce.

Toward the close of the first act, just as he learned of the faithlessness of his beloved Nedda he turned, as usual, to the little traveling cart drawn to the right and up stage. Then poured from his liquid throat that heart-wracked, that immortal "Ridi pagliacci" which not even popularity can tarnish.

As he reached the top note, highest of the octave, seldom held in perfection by tenors, and while the audience was in a breathless hush to drain every particle of its priceless tone, he suddenly brought the song to its infinitely pathetic ending.

Then he turned and madly rushed for the cart, intending to pass up the few steps that separated him from the miniature theatre behind whose curtains he could seek his well earned rest. But his foot missed the step. He stumbled and his chest on the left side crashed into it. The curtain was rung down. A gasp spread over the audience.

No one knew it then, but that was his death thrust. At that moment, as if all his career must have its appropriate setting and denouement, he was doomed.

* * *

I HAVE related this story as if it were undisputed. Heretofore it has been touched upon only vaguely in public print, but it is the story that is believed and retailed in bated breath by many of his associates. Its pathologic explanation I have from a specialist who, although

not one of the attending physicians, attends many opera singers, and who knew Caruso.

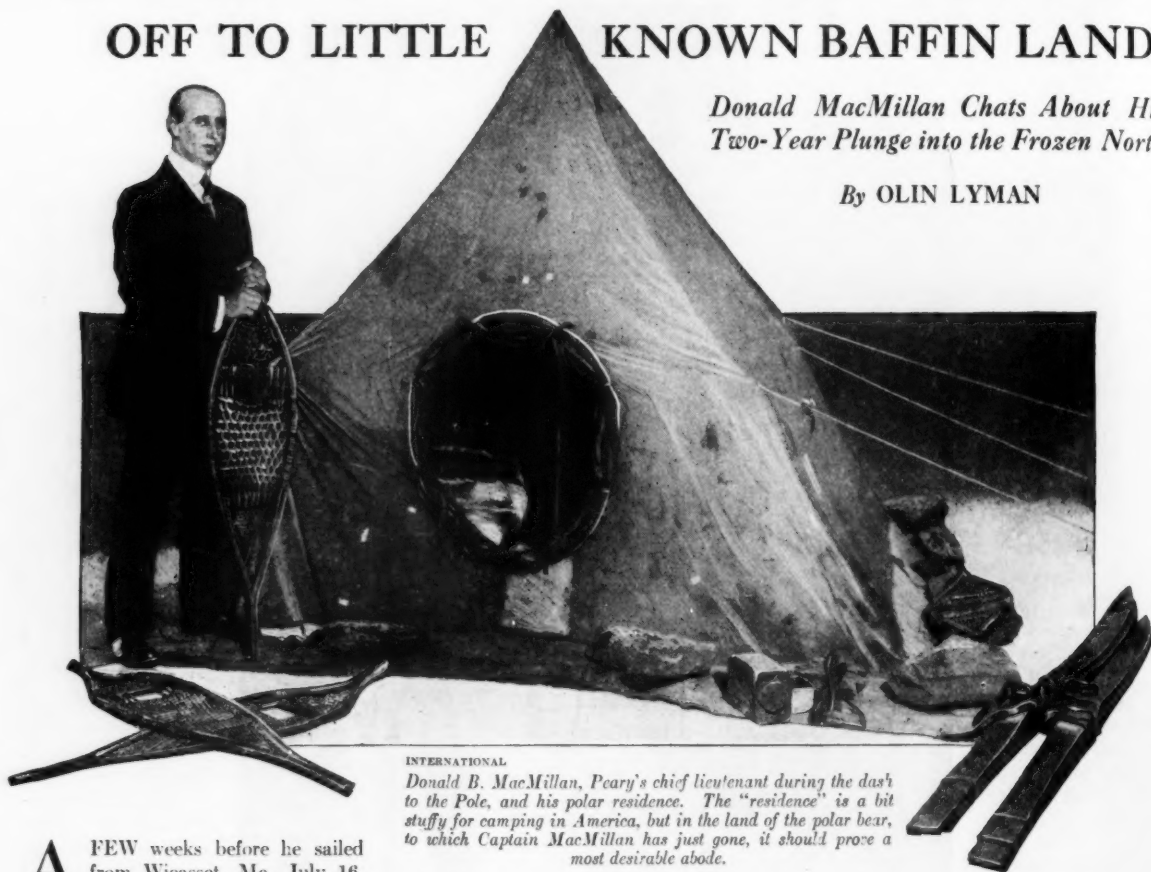
"His blood pressure for a long time had been around 180," said this medical man; "at his age it should have been about 148. The result was frequent black spots before the eyes, dizziness, and fainting spells. This physical condition underlay the changes in stage business which were made during the past season in several of the Caruso roles. For instance, he discarded the palanquin in Aida and entered on a horse. Orders were given to move no scenery while he was on the stage. This was a curiosity to the shifters, as Caruso was not known to have the temperamental idiosyncracies of lesser stars.

(Continued on page 350)

OFF TO LITTLE KNOWN BAFFIN LAND!

Donald MacMillan Chats About His Two-Year Plunge into the Frozen North

By OLIN LYMAN



INTERNATIONAL

Donald B. MacMillan, Peary's chief lieutenant during the dash to the Pole, and his polar residence. The "residence" is a bit stuffy for camping in America, but in the land of the polar bear, to which Captain MacMillan has just gone, it should prove a most desirable abode.

A FEW weeks before he sailed from Wicasset, Me., July 16, with six brave men and true in the little auxiliary steamer *Bowdoin*, Donald B. MacMillan was reveling in the prospect of riotous health among the ice packs for the next two or three years.

"The Arctic regions are the most healthful under God's sky!" he declared. "I am ordinarily as fit, I believe, as any man. But just now I have a slight cold, due to the variableness of the New England climate. While I'm in the Arctic I don't have colds at all, and my health is perfect. You see there's no chance for the germs up there; the cold up around the roof of the world freezes them stiff!"

There recurred to my mind an ancient dreaded scourge of the North. "How about scurvy?"

"On my recent trips North there has been no such animal. Modern medical science has banished that danger. Not with cure; rather, by prevention. Proper diet will keep scurvy away. Upon the trips of late years we had not a single case. To eat fresh meat, and avoid the canned varieties, will insure perfect health in the frozen areas."

Which statement, of an old ghost laid, accentuates the spirit of twentieth-century progress which, through the medium of explorations, is felt literally from Pole to Pole.

Captain MacMillan's environment that June day, when I interviewed him for *LESLIE'S* at the home of his sister in Freeport, Me., was in strange contrast

to the ice bound seas bordering Baffin Land toward which he is now sailing.

Clumps of lilac bushes that are the talk of the region bordered a smooth macadam roadway. At the side of the low, comfortable dwelling, enclosed with a commodious veranda, stretched a lovely New England garden. The scent of roses filled the air, and about them buzzed many busy bees.

The commander was moving while he talked. He was obliged to "step lively," for he had just reached home between trains. Arriving from Boston late that Sunday morning, he was now preparing, on a hurry call, to catch the noon train back and proceed to Washington, to complete some important arrangements for the *Bowdoin's* trip.

While breaking the speed record in shaving, he cordially invited me to "fire away." Stripped to underwear and trousers, with powerfully muscled arms as brown as a Mexican's, he lathered, scraped and talked, simultaneously and with utmost nonchalance. He stepped about cat-footed in white canvas shoes, as lithely as did Jack Dempsey, advancing to annihilate a presumptuous Carpentier. Every motion revealed the perfect co-ordination between muscle and nerve, the composite making for that element which men admiringly characterize as "poise."

The man who was Peary's chief lieuten-

tenant on the epochal trip which located the North Pole, is now well in his forties. But in mind and body he retains the dash and fire of youth at twenty.

"They say I am a fool to venture to Baffin Land in a schooner so small as the *Bowdoin*," he chuckled, drawing the razor in a clean sweep from ear to chin. "They have always said things like that. They said the North Pole would never be reached; *it was*. They said scurvy would never be conquered; *it has been*. They said when 'Jock' Small built a dory, and I undertook to go with him and navigate it along the coast of Labrador, that we would never come back alive; we did!"

He ceased to talk for a moment while he dexterously mowed his chin. "Don" MacMillan, as they familiarly style him around Freeport and East Boothbay, belongs to the more simple hearted among big men. He willingly let an interviewer work—or listen—while he shaved. It was a situation at odd variance to the stage effects arranged for the Belgian, Maurice Maeterlinck, when he gave audience to newspaper men during his brief and inglorious sojourn in America.

"Jonathan 'Jock' Small is a nice comrade worth having!" averred MacMillan, leaving a smooth chin to slice the beard upon his nether cheek. "A Maine coast man; nothing about a boat's equipment he doesn't know; speaks about once in three days, and then every word is full of

meat, and that's not all by a long shot! "He was going to be married this summer, but I wanted him for just this one more trip. And he and his lady were trumps. They put it off. Could friendship go further?"

The Captain's words, crisply spoken, fly straight to the mark, like his motions. Even as he finished, the razor swooped in a final stroke and MacMillan began to swab at face and neck with a damp towel. He hustled into shirt, soft collar and bow tie and accompanied me into the veranda, to finish talking before dinner was announced.

WHILE his speech flowed readily, he paced slowly back and forth within the veranda. He possesses boundless vitality. He rests only when asleep, and then it is a safe bet that he dreams of the duties of the next day.

The scope of his thought and of his speech reveals the doer of deeds, the man of many sides. Graduate of Bowdoin College, the Maine institution for which his little schooner is christened; logical follower of the gray seas through influence

of his Cape Cod seamen's ancestry; nomad of the frozen north for seven journeys since he first headed for the Pole with Peary; author and public lecturer of rare powers; member for a while of the Harvard University faculty; his is a restless soul that has been pursuing and achieving since the days of boyhood's dreams.

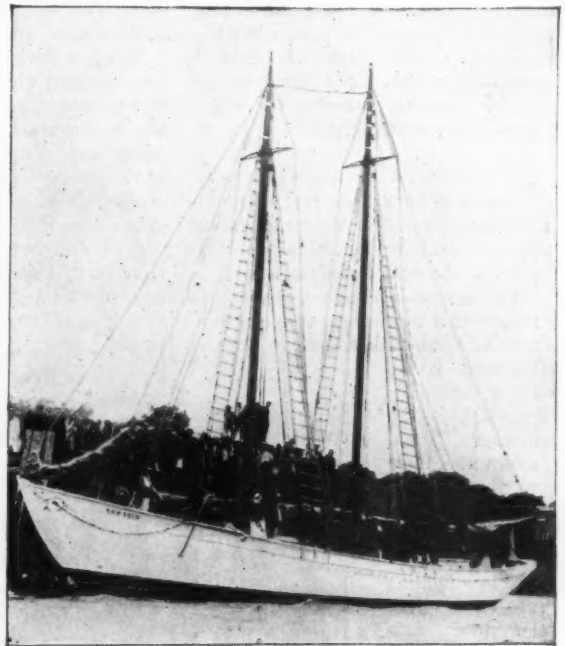
He discussed the little *Bowdoin*, that some of the sad old sea dogs shake their heads over, declaring that, because she is too small, she

won't come back. The *Bowdoin* is small, to be

sure, only 115 tons, of the Gloucester fisherman knock-about type, eighty-seven feet long, with a draught of nine and a half feet. But she is equipped to the last inch, and every inch is utilized. Auxiliary power, through the use of crude oil, and a wireless equipment are among the new features devised by the Captain and his associates.

"I hope to make new Arctic history with this little boat," explained MacMillan. "My theory is that too many of the craft which have penetrated those regions have been unwieldy, thus lending themselves too readily to the clutches of the winter ice. The *Bowdoin's* round, egg-shaped hull, I believe, will ride atop of the ice when it begins to form early in the fall, and because of her compactness and diminutive size, she will weather it, we hope. Of course, one can never tell till afterward. If the boat is demolished, we have our plans, of course, to gain the settlements over the ice."

The Captain expected to reach Baffin Land late in August and establish a camp south of the entrance to Fury



KEYSTONE

"The little *Bowdoin*, that some of the old sea dogs shake their heads over, declaring that, because she is too small, she won't come back. The *Bowdoin* is small, to be sure,—only 115 tons, of the Gloucester fisherman knock-about type, 87 feet long with a draught of 9½ feet. But she is equipped to the last inch, and every inch is utilized. Auxiliary power, through the use of crude oil, and a wireless equipment are among the new features devised by the Captain and his associates."

and Hecla Straits where ships of seekers of the mythical Northwest Passage were blocked a century ago. During the winter the coast of Baffin Land will be explored and next summer the explorers will try to penetrate the interior. The scientists' program calls for researches in zoology, botany, geology, meteorology and terrestrial magnetism. The party will try later to circumnavigate Baffin Land, and will be gone about two years.

"We will stop for dogs on the way up. Good ones can be bought for a dollar apiece, unless the profiteering spirit has reached there. A dollar—usually represented in trade—goes a long way in that country."

HE talked of some tried and trusty New Englanders who are accompanying him on this excursion to the cap of the world. I saw them later at East Boothbay, which is hedged by as rugged a bit of wind blown coast as one ever read about. There was Jonathan (Jock) Small, who sums his creed in a single laconic sentence: "What brains I've got I've always tried to use." He is never so happy as when using them on some knotty point respecting the equipment of a boat. The others of the navigators are of the same type; tall, raw-boned New Englanders, sparing of words and long on work.

"Too few persons realize the majestic beauty of the far North," said MacMillan. "Nor can they realize the sharp contrast to the winters of the two months



Captain MacMillan ready for the worst the weather man can do.

summer. Thus far there have been counted 770 varieties of flowers north of the Arctic Circle. Light, of course, is rarer up there than here. There are 121 days of sunlight, and—by the way—thirteen days of moonlight!"

AT this point I asked him how he accounted for the fact that there is so much more interest in Arctic explorations than in those to the Antarctic. His reply was characteristically prompt.

"For several reasons. One powerful reason is that the average exploring mind tends to climb rather than to descend.

The north is the roof of the world; the south is the basement. Then, for centuries, there was the myth of the Northwest Passage to attract explorers. Hygiene and ice fighting were then little understood; successive expeditions were lost and other expeditions constantly followed to attempt their rescue. Remember the many parties that were made up to try to trace Sir John Franklin and his crew. It all sufficed to keep the eyes of the world upon the mysterious north.

"Then, too, there is human life, however humble, in the north, and much of animal life. Around the South Pole, on the contrary, there is only a barren waste, wholly devoid of human or of animal life. There is only the life in the waters of the frozen sea; this and the more brainless type of birds. Northern research is infinitely more interesting, and this has been the chief factor contributing to the greater popularity attending the ventures toward the North Pole."

Two to three years are apportioned for the trip. The members of the party hope to return in the *Bowdoin*; which would in itself be no mean triumph, since most of the vessels that have dared the extreme Arctic have remained there; too often, along with the venturesome crews. There is a belief among Maine people that in case the *Bowdoin* is brought back intact she will be presented to Bowdoin College, MacMillan's alma mater, which is proud of her distinguished alumnus. It is due to the alumni of the college that the explorer is going on this latest trip, under the auspices of The MacMillan Arctic Association, which is made up mainly of former students of the college.

One of the Captain's half dozen companions is G. Dawson Howell, of Boston. He has had long experience in making observations of terrestrial magnetism for the Carnegie Institute. Also he has charge of the radio apparatus equipped to receive messages from the outside

him. They are world, and to transmit at the shorter distances.

This is a distinct departure for Arctic journeys, and when I saw him, the commander was enthusiastic over the chances for its success. It was another point which made the departure from Wicasset of the little schooner a notable event in exploration annals. For, though all details are on a lilliputian scale contrasted with former expeditions, the fact is stressed that the essay is perfectly appointed and up-to-the-moment, considered from the angle of scientific preparation.



Captain MacMillan (extreme right) and three of the men who are accompanying him on his plunge into the heart of the far north. His companions are (left to right): Mate Jonathan C. Small, who postponed his marriage in order to help his chief in the great venture; Engineer Harold Whitehouse and Cook Thomas McCue.

Right here Donald B. MacMillan seeks to prove a theory that has been shaping in his mind for the past few years while he has been journeying successively to the Arctic. He expounded it at some length a few days after my call upon him at Freeport. The second visit was made to East Boothbay, where the *Bowdoin* was then being rigged. It was upon her deck, on a radiant, wind-blown day of blue and gold, with the squalling gulls swooping in circles above tumbling surf and rocky coast, that we talked again.

"Some of the critics have been mourning because we are only a handful," he said. "And why should there be more, so long as that handful is composed of picked men? Many expeditions of the past have been unwieldy both in the bulk of the ships and in the number of men engaged. I have the theory that a smaller number of men, considered that every man *knows his business*, will be better for the purposes of efficiency. There will be less friction; the problems of maintenance and of health will be simplified, particularly as every man engaged has the iron constitution required to defy Arctic rigors; and I believe that success will be registered both because of the smallness of the vessel and that of the personnel."

HE stood looking over the white-capped summer sea through which toward the *Bowdoin* would be soon plowing toward the blue-white bergs that sullenly sentinel the icy waters of the north. His eyes are bluish-gray, like the hue of the waves he dares as did his fathers before

him. They are the eyes of a fighter who dreams of conquest. At this moment they lighted with rare fires of interest.

He began with rapidity, with force and with fire, to enunciate his final message to the readers of LESLIE'S. It assumed the form of a clarion call to youth, to wake to the responsibilities—and the obligations—of youth to rise to opportunity for the making of a greater morrow.

"THE backbone of this new expedition, in its chances for success, lies in the fact that every man engaged is ready for it, through years of preparation," he declared.

"What I want to drive home is the great truth that every man has previously earned his right to go, through proved capability for the particular work in which he will be engaged. Efficiency must be a religion to every constructive mind.

"The boys of this country are close to my mind

and heart, for it doesn't seem so long ago that I was a boy myself," smiled this bachelor of the high seas who has never either married or settled down, to quote an ancient New England expression. "The boys read glowing romances of voyages to the frozen north, and are inspired to go and explore likewise. But these romances do not mention the gray realities of the years of drudgery and preparation that must be spent before a man is ready to embark upon a journey demanding so much of skill and resource.

"Naturally, the boys fail to realize the prime impulse for these journeys; which is, of course, educational. The men who go must have trained minds and eyes and ears for their particular fields.

"So many of them have written me! Not only for this trip, but for previous ones. They are so eager to go: they will be willing to perform the most menial tasks if only we will take them along. I could not begin to answer all the letters, but so far as I have time I try to steer them along the right path.

"I remind them of the broad field of exploration; of the varied fundamentals that must be mastered. That it takes years to develop a navigator; that a man may explore such subjects as botany, geology and ethnology for a lifetime, and at the end be standing, far more humble than when we began, at the edge of a shoreless sea of knowledge that the human mind cannot begin to grasp.

"There is so much in this question of exploration! The best a man can do is to fit himself for the particular specialty in the field which he wants to follow."



Major-General Leonard Wood

Chosen as the next Governor-General of the Philippines

Painted Especially for Leslie's by Joseph Cummings Chase

"COURAGE, ZEAL AND LOYALTY"

By S. GORDON GURWIT

Illustrations By HAROLD ANDERSON

A NATIVE runner came in just as the morning mist arose and disappeared. Lieutenant Cummings took his "paper talk," and as he read it hastily, his jaw set. He passed the paper to his companion, Richard Holton, then his eyes strayed out across the sun-drenched African landscape, lonely, vast, mysterious.

For himself he feared nothing; for the handsome, clear-eyed daughter of his, who was regarding him now with questioning eyes, he was apprehensive. Mentally, he cursed their isolation in this far outpost which was supposed to designate white mastery on the White Nile.

Holton read the note slowly, and handed it back. June Cummings held out her hand for the note, and her father, after a moment's hesitation, passed it to her.

"It's nothing to worry about, my dear," he said brightly. "It's from Captain Foster at 'Nzoi. He had news by native runner that the White B'wana and his Nandi followers were raiding again and might come here; so he advises that we go at once to Serгон Lake. He'll come to meet us at the lake and we'll all go on to 'Nzoi and stay there until this blows over. We'll start at once."

He wrote a reply, handed it to the native and instructed him to deliver it to his "B'wana." The native grinned and said he was short of food. He was instructed where to replenish his rations, and fifteen minutes later was on his way back.

"Is there real danger?" asked Holton.

Cummings's glance warned him. "Why, I don't think so," he said, with a deprecatory tone. "Still, you never can tell what a Nandi will do. They're utter savages and fearless, so we'll start out at once for Serгон Lake and avoid trouble. This White B'wana who leads the Nandis has a bad reputation. I heard last month that he raided an outpost and captured over fifty rifles and great quantities of ammunition. But Foster will meet us at the lake, so there's nothing to be apprehensive about. We have ample time to get out." He looked sternly and meaningfully at the younger man, then glanced at the girl. Holton understood that she was not to be alarmed.

"Who is this White B'wana?" he asked.

"He's a disgrace to an Englishman," replied Cummings wrathfully. "His name is Clyde Benson. I understand he was in the Egyptian service. He was cashiered for absconding with his regiment's funds. Dropped out of sight and wasn't heard of for years. Then he re-

appeared here. One of our men found out that the white man who led these plagued Nandis in their raids was Benson himself. He's caused us no end of trouble."

"Just a common renegade, then?" suggested Holton.

"You know, Dad," said June, "that there are some very conflicting stories on that score. Major Frederick's wife told



June Cummings

me that Benson accepted his disgrace and ostracism rather than expose a certain superior's daughter."

Holton turned cool, amused eyes upon the outlaw's defender. June Cummings was more than pretty. Her clear, tanned skin, the great ultramarine eyes, her sunny hair, together with her superb young body, exquisitely rounded by much outdoor exercise, gave him great satisfaction to contemplate. Soon, he hoped, he would be able to persuade her to return to England with him as Mrs. Holton.

It was strange, he reflected, that, led to this far frontier by his insatiable quest for stirring adventure and the thrill of big game hunting, he should here meet the one girl destined to fill his heart.

"That's the sort of tommyrot one hears," growled Cummings, apropos of his daughter's remark, "when a lady-killer turns crook. Rank sentiment with no truth behind it. It takes a pretty low rotter to hide behind a woman's petticoats."

"Well," said Holton, "I don't think he'll bother us. I've over a hundred boys in my *sefari*, nearly all armed, and several native hunters; and you have fifty Swahili soldiers, so I believe they'll think twice before interfering with us."

Cummings' personal Kavirondo servant padded across the veranda and paused.

"B'wana," he said, saluting hastily.

"Well?" Speaking in the native tongue.

"An Arab has just come to see you. He says he wishes to speak to you at once."

Cummings rose. "An Arab to see me," he explained in English to the others. "I'll see what he wants." Then turning to his daughter: "June, better get your belongings together and packed—we'll leave at noon, if possible. And Holton, better get your boys together and get the *sefari* started. I'll get my Swahilis ready." He left, followed by his servant.

Holton sat quietly smoking his cigarette in the coolness of the morning, with no signs of perturbation of the threatened attack.

"Rather a unique character, this Benson," he remarked to the girl. "I had no idea an Englishman could sink so low as to live with natives and lead them in attacks upon fellow whites."

"It's quite a story about Benson," replied the girl. "Some people claim that the Government treated him pretty shabbily. I have heard that during the war, up in the Egyptian country, he fought magnificently."

"I don't understand that," returned Holton. "I don't believe a thief will fight—unless he's cornered. It isn't logical."

The girl shrugged her shoulders slightly and turned to watch her father.

Cummings was stalking back across the grass followed by an Arab and a native servant.

"Here's the Arab," he chuckled, mounting the veranda steps. The Arab followed. His servant stayed behind in the shade of a giant cedar.

Holton and June looked askance at the hooded figure.

"Let me present Lieutenant Larkin, my dear," smiled Cummings. "He's just up from 'Nzoi. Came through to show us a short cut to Serгон Lake."

The Arab threw back his burnoose, acknowledged the introductions by shaking hands with Holton and bowing and smiling to June. His sun-tanned, humorous face broke into an infectious smile as he noted their perplexity at his masquerade. His eyes rested upon the handsome girl with hardly concealed admiration.

"I put on these togs to get through more easily," he explained. "The Nandi are friendly with the Arabs from Entebbe and the Congo, so I thought I'd try to pass as one if I were stopped—but I wasn't."

He answered their questions briefly.

told how he had slipped across the Uasin Gishu plateau, avoiding the Nandi villages and made a forced march, accompanied only by his servant.

"Captain Foster's orders," he wound up, "are for all of you to quietly slip out of this section—and at once. I know of a short route, and I believe I can fetch you through without any trouble. He first thought to let you come through alone, but at the last minute decided to have me follow his runner and take you to Lake Serгон by the short cut."

Cummings frowned slightly. He knew Captain Foster to be a keen man and a cool officer; and if he sent Larkin through to guide them out at once, it meant that conditions were serious.

He gave orders at once, and by noon the square, fort-like building was closed, and the *sefari* started across the plains under Lieutenant Larkin's direction.

THE afternoon and evening passed uneventfully. The long *sefari* wound in and out; those who were mounted forced to accommodate their pace to the majority on foot.

The white men were all mounted, as was June, upon hardened shooting ponies. As the sun sank and no sign was seen of

the threatening Nandi, Holton began to laugh at their precautions.

"Nonsense," he said. "A thief won't fight. As for the Nandi, they're a poor lot at best—all these natives."

Larkin laughed. "You haven't been in the country long, have you?" he asked.

"No," answered Holton coolly, "but I don't see what that has to do with it."

"Only this," drawled Larkin. "The White B'wana of the Nandi will fight—we have ample evidence of that! Whatever else he is, he is no coward. And the Nandi cannot be judged by what you have seen of Kavirondos and Wakambas or Kikuyus." His eyes strayed to June, who was riding quietly along, out of ear-shot of the conversation. "Pray God," he continued, lowering his voice, "that we do not meet them."

The three white men exchanged glances and a short silence fell.

"We'll follow this game trail for some part of the way," continued Larkin; "then I'll show you a short cut that will save a day. See that little valley? That's where we camp to-night. Good water, and it's hidden from the level of the plateau. If we were all mounted, I'd push on all night; but as it is, we'll have to travel in the daytime only."

There was only one small fire allowed that night—to heat some tea for the whites; the balance of the *sefari* ate a cold meal.

WHEN the native guards were placed and the white men prepared for a little sleep, Lieutenant Larkin stated quietly that he would stay up all night.

"You see," he explained, "I'm responsible for your safety. Captain Foster expects me to bring you through to Lake Sergon without mishap, and I feel that I ought to do everything I can. I feel it's my duty to stay on watch to-night."

"Let's divide the night," suggested Cummings, "and each take a watch."

In this Holton instantly agreed.

"What would be the use?" asked Larkin. "I'm used to it, and I can manage alone, so you two might just as well get some sleep." Then, conscious of their determination to share the watch with him, he smiled. "Still, if you wish, we'll do as you say."

So the three whites divided the night into equal watches, and took turns at making the rounds of the camp, for the native soldiers who were on guard were prone to fall asleep if not supervised by the

(Continued on page 348)



"Here's the Arab," he chuckled, mounting the verandah steps. The Arab followed. His servant stayed behind in the shade of a giant cedar"

THE RODEO GIRLS WHO FLIRT WITH DEATH

By
JOHN A. CHAPMAN

Photographs by the
Author

Lorena Trickey, the best all-around woman rider in the world.



WOMEN, ever moving during the last ten years toward equality with men in outdoor sports, have recently made their mark in the most strenuous and hazardous of all spectacles which delight American crowds—bronco busting and kindred arts.

Yearly increasing crowds in Cheyenne, Wyoming, Pendleton, Oregon, and dozens of lesser Western towns where a rodeo is the chief event of the year, have found a new thrill before them in vast arenas where are enacted countless stirring battles between brute and man.

It is the thrill of seeing a hundred-pound girl, either foot surely planted on the back of a big Western horse, thundering down the track in the lead of seasoned horsemen; of seeing her sitting expertly astride an outlaw mount from the time the blind is taken from the animal until the judge decrees by a pistol shot that she has made a clean ride.

Traveling in the West now are a number of women whose skill in the cowboy arts has led them to spend their summers going from rodeo to round-up, garnering a hard-earned living by entering in the various contests. Their rewards are not over large; they follow their dangerous game because they love it. Their story makes one of the most engrossing chapters in the history of American outdoor women.

These bronco-busting girls are representative Americans. Lorena Trickey,

A bit rough, perhaps, but both "Wheatland Mary" and Maul Tarron think it is great fun.



crowned champion a few weeks ago at Cheyenne's Frontier Days and winner of the trophy offered by a New York hotel (the McAlpin) for the best all-around woman rider, was born on an Oregon ranch, and raised in the saddle. Her companion, Kitty Canutt, always a close contender for honors in the women's field, is a New York girl who never rode before 1915, and who a year later won her first bronco riding contest in Miles City, Montana. Prairie Rose Henderson, one of the first women to enter the dangerous field, is from Oklahoma. Mrs. Jessie Roberts hails from St. Louis. Her friend, Mrs. Hank Keenen, was born in Cheyenne. And so on

Prairie Rose Henderson, and "Bitter Creek" enjoy a little fight.



down the list. Some are Easterners, some are from the West. A few knew the lore and the lure of the saddle in infancy; others acquired the ability to ride anything on four legs relatively late in their young lives.

Lorena Trickey won the New York hotel trophy last year, and with it a trip to the big city, where she was feted at horse show and opera. Again having won the trophy, she will visit New York in early winter, after she has completed her rounds of the round-ups, from Calgary to Garden City, Kansas. Again this modest, close-mouthed little Westerner will get a close-up of the East, and again the New York press will ask her for a comparison of Frontier Days and the horse show.

Born twenty-one years ago on her father's Bar-O ranch, near The Dalles, Oregon, Miss Trickey's childhood training made her as good a hand as there was on the ranch. Always she could ride. Then, when she was about fourteen years old, she set out to tame wild horses with her two brothers.

Her father offered enticing prizes for the horses his children broke.

"Dad would give us one out of every five horses that we rode the rough spots out of," said Miss Trickey, in recounting her history at Cheyenne. "Sometimes we would ride five or six horses apiece in a day. We were all small, and we would get bucked off many times and

bruised all over before the day ended. But we wanted our own strings of horses, so next morning we would get up, stiff and sore, and try it again."

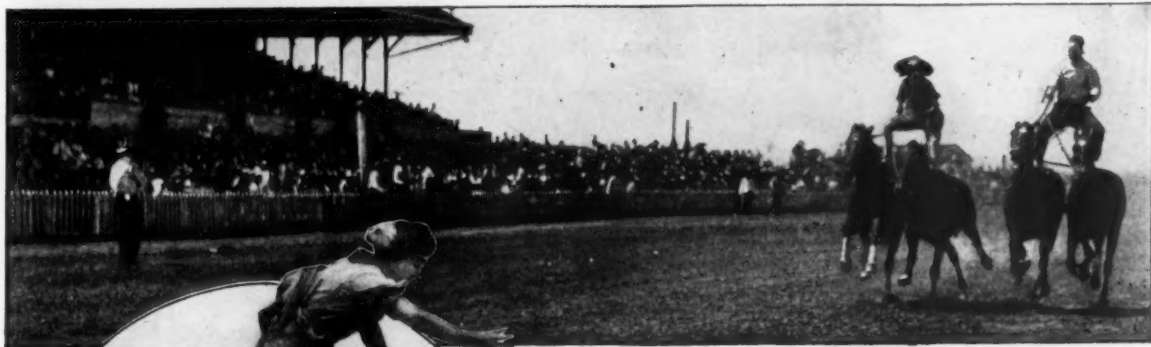
Even at that tender age, Miss Trickey would accompany her brothers and the ranch hands on the round-up. The only thing that prevents her helping out now on the Bar-O is the conflicting dates of the big-town round-ups and the real thing on her father's ranch.

"Dad and my brothers wouldn't hear of my riding in contests," continued Miss Trickey in her interview. "But I wanted to try so much that one year I sneaked off to Pendleton, and entered in the bucking contests. I brought home a silver saddle and after that first success there was no objection to my going into the contests. So that is what I have been doing ever since."

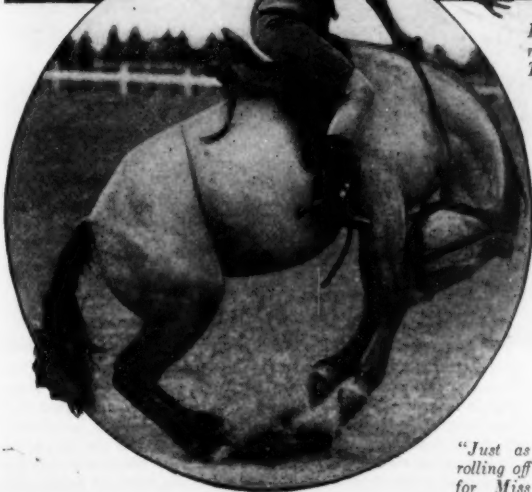
Miss Trickey's accomplishments probably exceed those of any other woman rider. Few there are who will "ride Roman." Miss Trickey's worst injury occurred when another team in a Roman standing race crashed her mounts into a fence and trampled upon her. Yet she won the final Roman standing race at Cheyenne this year. It is said that she has even "bulldogged" a yearling steer on her home range—a most bloodcurdling proceeding to the spectator. In bulldogging, a rider leaps from a running horse to the back of



Kitty Canutt, a New York girl who never rode before 1915. A year later she won a broncho riding contest in Miles City, Mont.



Lorena Trickey and Harry Walters neck and neck in a thrilling finish of a Roman race. Few women dare attempt this most dangerous feat of horsemanship, but Miss Trickey goes in every race, and often beats the field, including expert horsemen from Ft. D. A. Russell and cowboys from nearby ranches.



"Just as easy as rolling off a log"—for Miss Trickey.

a speeding steer, pulls up in a cloud of dust, and grasping its horns, wrestles the brute to the ground. Weight as well as strength is required, and Miss Trickey's slight stature is all that has kept her from attempting to down a full-grown steer.

Miss Trickey has paid in good meas-

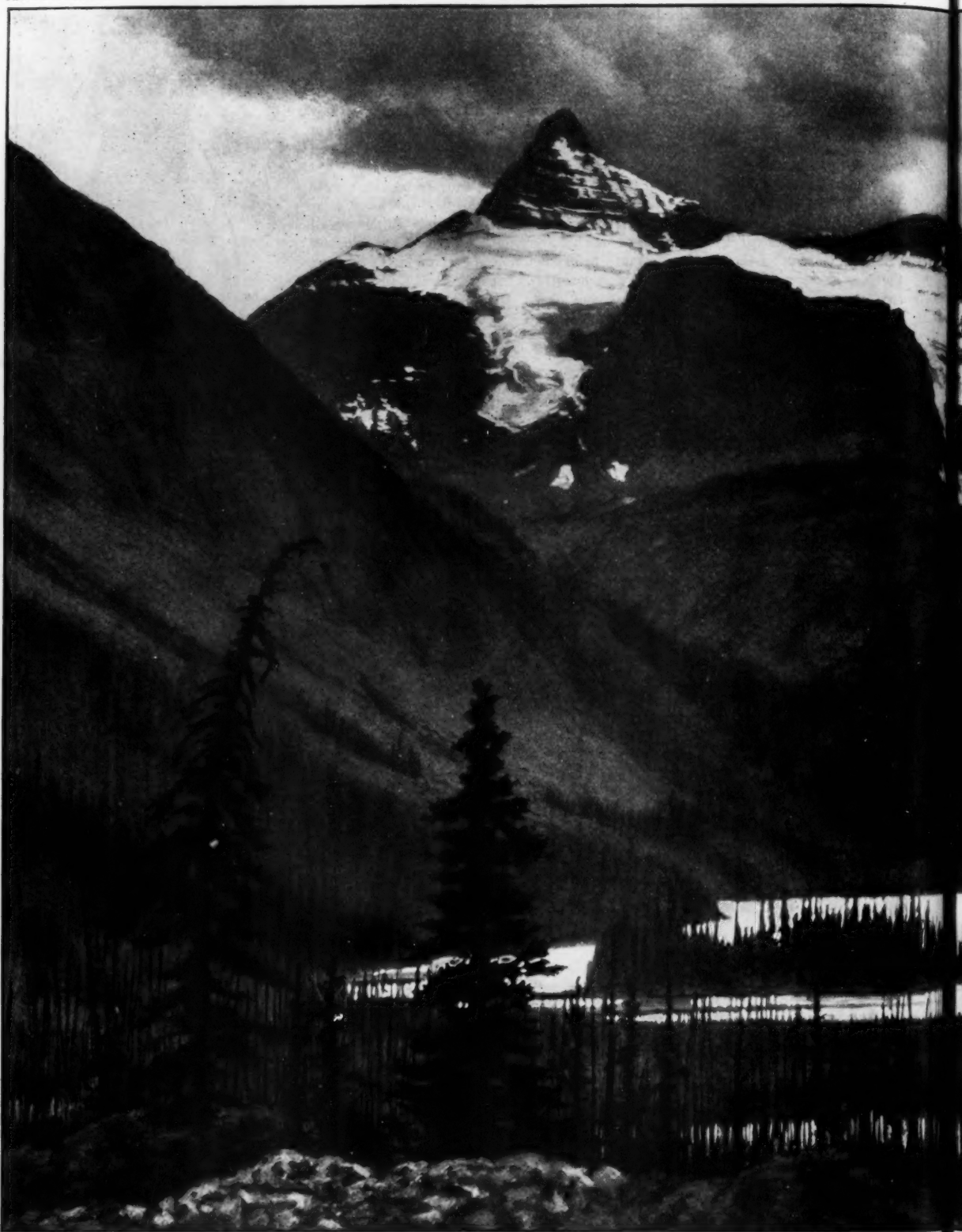
ure for her countless prize saddles, spurs, trophies and trips. Her small brown arms are covered with scars; there is a deep gash in her thigh which will never fill in; heroic dental work has been required to preserve the symmetry of her teeth, and few are the days that her slight frame does not sustain severe jolts. But always she comes back, ready for more. And so do the others who follow her trade.

During the last Frontier Days celebration at Cheyenne, most of the thrills were provided by the feats and hazards of the women entered in the four-day carnival. An example of the gameness of

(Continued on page 351)

WHERE A FAMOUS AMERICAN CLIMBER

PHOTO BY B. HARMON

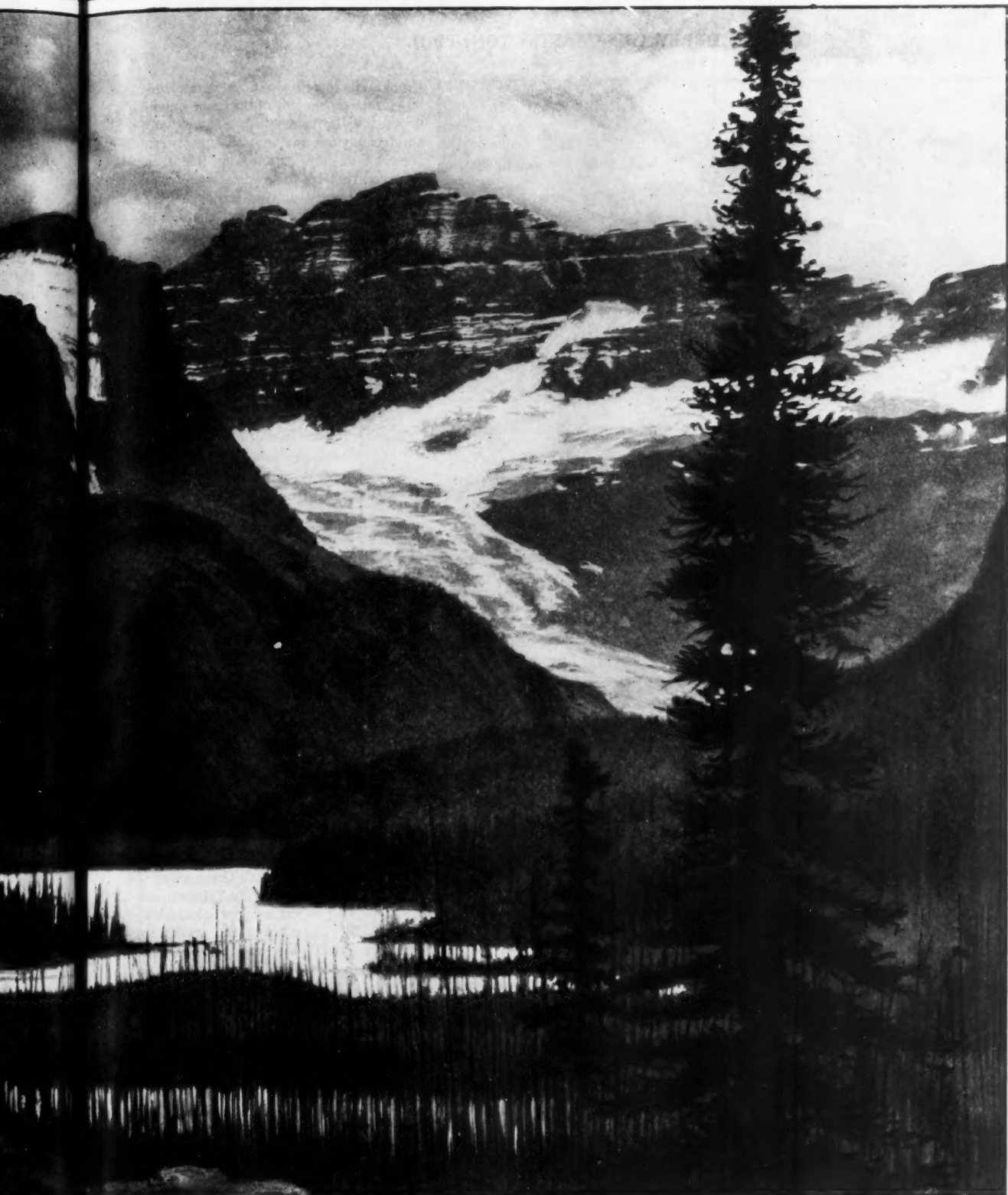


THESE two unconquered mountains of the Canadian Rockies rise to the southwest of Mt. Assiniboine, over 45 miles from Banff. Some weeks ago Dr. W. E. Stone, President of Purdue University, with two other climbers of the Alpine Club of Canada attempted to reach the higher of them, Mt. Eon, 10,860 feet, which is the lofty peak seen in the illustration to the left of the glacier. (The other peak—to the right—is Mt. Aye.) They were turned back by the difficulty of approach through a tangle of fallen timber and talus.

On July 21st of this year, Dr. and Mrs. Stone left camp at Mt. Assini-

boine, fortunately remarking that if they did not return in four days someone at camp could come after them. Their route lay over Wonder Pass, where a trail is being built by the Dominion Park Service; then past Wonder and Gloria Lakes in the valley below. Dr. Stone was a careful climber of many years experience and he succeeded in forcing his way up two chimneys leading toward the summit of Eon. When within perhaps 300 feet of the top he called back to his wife, "The rocks are terribly loose up here," and then his body fell past her. He had taken off the Alpine rope which had linked him

CLIMBER RECENTLY FELL TO HIS DEATH



...days someone to Mrs. Stone, so that she was not jerked downward by his fall. She hastened to descend the chimneys in search of her husband with the help of the rope, and she at last found herself hanging about eight feet above a ledge to which she was forced to drop. On this isolated shelf, seven or eight feet long by five or six wide she was held a prisoner for eight days. During the heat of the day a little melting snow-water trickling downward kept her alive, and she called at intervals to guide the rescuers whom she believed would finally come.

Meanwhile the campers at Mt. Assiniboine, assisted by the trail builders,

had found Dr. Stone's camp near the base of Eon, and had sent to Banff for assistance. Rudolph Ammer, the well-known Swiss guide, hastened from Lake Louise and then rode horseback for 24 hours, reaching the scene of the tragedy on the 29th. At Dr. Stone's camp was found a sketch of the peak, which enabled Rudolph to follow their route until he heard the voice of Mrs. Stone and located her with his glass. Bringing her down the mountain, he was joined by a physician who cared for her for three days before the journey to civilization was tried. Dr. Stone's body was not found for some days

X-RAY PHOTOGRAPHY—AT 100 YARDS

By HERWARD CARRINGTON, Ph.D.

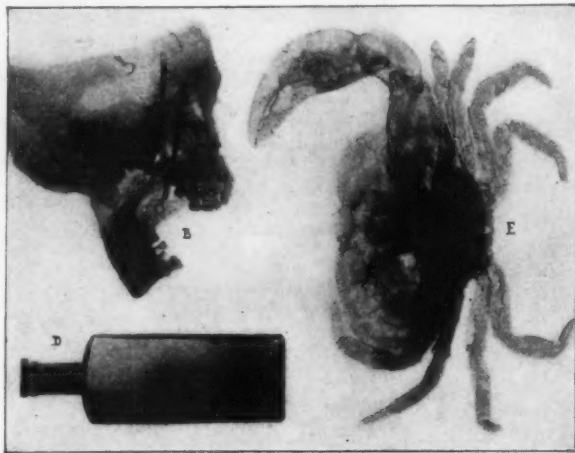


Where Professor Contremoulin, of the French Academy of Sciences, performed his recent experiments described on this page. The dotted line extends from the room in which the X-ray instrument was placed (left) to the room where were the articles to be photographed. The experimenter succeeded in obtaining some good pictures at eighty meters.

IN a remarkable series of tests and experiments, just concluded, it has been shown that X-ray photographs can be taken, not only in the same room, but at considerable distances—certainly up to eighty meters and possibly more. (A meter is thirty-nine and-a-fraction inches, so that the distance would be approximately ninety yards). These have been taken by Professor Contremoulin, of the French Academy of Sciences, who has called his new achievement, "teleradiography."

His success will doubtless be welcomed by electricians and X-ray workers all over the world with joy, since, if this be possible, it will at once eliminate, to a great extent, the dangers to the operator which had hitherto been connected with his work. The X-rays have long been known to be extremely dangerous, and many an operator has been badly "burned," and even died from the effects of the X-rays upon his own body. These rays are extremely destructive in character, especially at short range, and now-a-days the operator invariably takes shelter behind a lead screen, in order to shield himself from their terrible effects. (Lead seems to be about the only substance which acts as an effective shield against these rays—curiously enough; and it is the last, end-product of radio-activity—the substance which is left, after all radio-activity has departed from it!)

It will be seen, from the accompanying photographs, that the X-ray machine was placed in one house, while the objects to be photographed were placed in another, a considerable distance away. The rays had to travel across an extensive courtyard, and through a window at the far



This photo of a crab was taken, by means of the X-ray camera, at a distance of about one hundred yards.

end—though it is true, of course, that these rays will penetrate solid matter of the ordinary character to a great degree. Under these circumstances, a skull, a crab and a bottle containing a 30 per cent. solution of calcium sulphate (shown on this page) were photographed perfectly.

The important point to bear in mind about X-ray pictures is that they are being obtained at far greater distances than had ever been possible in the past—thus preventing the injuries, due to "burns," which had been all but inseparable from X-ray treatment hitherto.

This is a great forward step in therapeutics!

The X-rays are, of course, a relatively recent discovery. We all know how they were discovered. Professor Roentgen was experimenting, one day, with a Crookes' tube (named after Sir William

Crookes, its inventor), and had accidentally placed on one side of the room a plate covered with fluorescent substance. A sheet of opaque material stood between them. Suddenly, Professor Roentgen observed that his fluorescent screen was glowing brightly, in the dark, and he concluded that this could only be due to invisible rays which issued from the tube, had penetrated the solid object and impressed the screen. Subsequent investigation proved this to be a fact. Here was the beginning of the search for the X-rays!

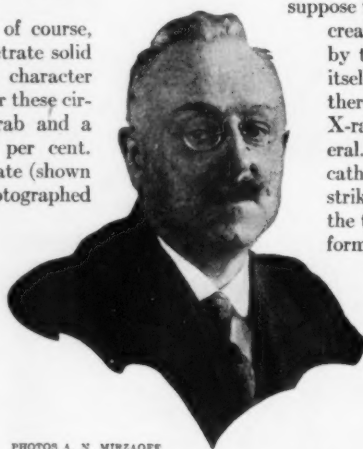
The X-ray tube is, in essence, a glass globe, from which the air has been completely exhausted. It is as nearly as possible a vacuum. Into the tube project two or more slight rods, capped with flat, metal plates. One of these is known as the "cathode," and the other as the "anode." From the cathode terminus a stream of particles emerges, which are made to converge upon the other terminal (the anode). This is usually covered with platinum, in order to withstand the terrific bombardment of the rays. (Even platinum becomes red-hot in a short time if a considerable amount of current is used.)

It is a common mistake to suppose that the X-rays are created within the tube by the electric current itself, and, further, that there is but one sort of X-ray. There are several. The stream of cathode particles, when striking the anode, in the tube, generates one form of X-ray; but a

part of the stream is reflected by the target, striking the walls of the glass tube, and where they strike, another form of X-ray is generated. These are the

so-called "wild rays." They are very undesirable, and are eliminated so far as possible in actual work. Whenever a wild ray or a principal ray strikes any object, another X-ray is generated, which is known as a "secondary ray." This ray

(Concluded on page 356)



PHOTOS A. N. MIRZAOFF

The "teleradio" expert—Professor Contremoulin.

AS WE WERE SAYING

By ARTHUR H. FOLWELL

Nature Studies by W. E. HILL

REMINDERS

SHE went to the movies, and straightway she said:
"Bill Hart is the image of Sue's brother Ed."

She went to the church. As the minister rose,
She whispered: "Like Henry, except for his nose."

She studied a portrait and cried apropos:
"Don't Harding remind you of some one we know?"

Each person she met looked like "some one she knew,"
Her whole day was spoiled if she "couldn't think who."

I'm certain when Peter she meets at the Gate,
She'll size up his whiskers, his profile, his pate,

And say, as she fastens her first halo on,
"You remind me so much of my old Uncle John!"

* * *

In his radical efforts to reduce freight rates, Henry Ford is showing the same commendable spirit which prompted his attempt to stop the war. Doubtless his present slogan is, "Get the idle freight cars off the sidings by Christmas!" There are worse slogans.

* * *

OUR LAWLESS CITIZENRY

PUBLIC indifference to law is becoming an alarming evil. Although the makers of drinkables are observing the statutes, the consumers of drinkables are not. People are still asking for a "glass of beer" when they ought to be asking for a "glass of beverage." To ask for the latter is lawful; to ask for the former is lawless. Do not misunderstand. The distinction is simple. You may ask for Root Beer or Birch Beer and be a law-abiding citizen. The word, Beer, when coupled with Birch or Root, is powerless to work injury. It may even be printed; signs announcing that Root or Birch Beer is on sale may be displayed freely. But if Beer be of the sort which is made from malt and hops, even if it is diluted and deleted down to the last legal half of 1 per cent. it is not Beer at all but "Beverage." Makers of Beverage—both light and dark—are keeping within



"I am told I have talent. See, here is some of my recent work."

the law most scrupulously; their advertising cards in show windows and elsewhere are models of legality; but the consumer still goes callously up to the censored bar and says: "Gimme a beer," when he means: "Gimme a beverage." Truck drivers and longshoremen are particularly difficult to reform, but they are by no means the sole offenders. The offense is general. It is a deplorable condition of moral laxity.

* * *

Why so many columns and columns of type about the Farrar-Tellegen affair? Why not summarize it thus: Off again, on again, away again, Tellegen.

* * *

PRINTED FORM OF APPLICATION
(INTERVIEWERS WILL FIND IT SAVES TIME JUST TO FILL IN THE BLANKS.)

IN their little flat on — Street, up — flights of stairs, the interviewer found the Count and Countess —, now just

plain Mr. and Mrs. —evitch. Everything about their tiny premises was as neat as a pin. The Count had just come in from his day's work at the —, where he is employed as a —, and he was about to sit down to his simple supper.

"Yes, it is true," he said in his quaintly broken English. "I am indeed the Count —. Before the revolution, my family was one of the —est in Russia. When the red wave broke over us, the Countess and myself made our escape by way of —, disguised as —s, and finally reached America."

The Countess speaks no English, but her smile was most cordial.

"As a — in —," continued the Count, or, as he prefers to be called, Mr. —evitch, "I had done a little —ing just as a hobby, and naturally I turned to —ing as a means of livelihood here. Ultimately, I hope to become a —, as I am told I have talent. See, here is some of my recent work."

The Count showed several of his —s, among them the — which created such a stir of interest in — circles.

"Go back to Russia?" he cried in response to a query. "Never!"

* * *

AS SUNG BY FATHER

OH, mother, dear mother, come home with me, do!
Quit drinking that soft stuff, I pray.
Those twenty-cent sodas, plus tax twenty-two,
Will soon wash my income away.
Come home!
Come home!
Oh, mother, dear mother, come home!



"You remind me so much of my old Uncle John."

A Nightgown Tyranny—(Concluded from page 331)

In Pensacola, Fla., recently, Klansmen entered a store where a man was selling bootleg liquor and after manhandling him, ordered him to leave town. The Florida newspapers generally condemned this manner of enforcing prohibition, and in the face of a blast of criticism the Imperial Wizard, at Atlanta, Ga., canceled the charter of the Pensacola organization. It does not follow, however, that the disbarred members of the Pensacola Klan

will cease to see the civic evils which they believe infest their community, or will cease to endeavor to correct them, because they have been read out of the national organization. If these evils were sufficiently great to arouse their activities as Klansmen they will, in all probability, be the more likely to arouse their activities as outraged citizens.

"I don't think anybody in Atlanta," a Pensacola citizen said to me, "can prevent Pensacola citizens from dressing up in white and putting the fear of God into evil-doers."

A LIST of the activities of the men in white robes in the State of Texas for six months brings to light a situation which not even the State laws of Texas, much less the "Ku Klux Klan" law of the Federal Government have been able to prevent. If the officers of the law find themselves unable to control such a condition as exists in Texas, how can a private citizen, member of a weird society, having no power except that of striking from a book the name of an offending local chapter of his order expect to do so? The Texas record for half a year runs something like this:

February 5.—B. I. Hobbs, lawyer, Houston, Tex.; hair clipped, ordered to leave town because of large negro practice. February 8.—Lawyer Hobbs ran out of Alvin, Tex. March 13.—A. V. Hopkins, merchant, Houston, Tex., tarred and feathered for annoying girls. March 15.—J. Lafayette Cockrell, Houston, negro dentist, "punished" by white men for alleged association with white women. April 1.—Alexander Johnson, Dallas, negro bellboy; whipped and branded for alleged association with white women. April 10.—August Beck, cattleman, Webster; tied to pole and beaten. April 26.—J. W. McGee, auto salesman; whipped by masked men at Houston for attempted flirting; fined in police court. May 1.—Red Kemp, jitney driver, Goose Creek; whipped, tarred and feathered; supposed bootlegger. May 4.—Town Marshall Samuel King; tarred and feathered; resigned office. May 7.—Dr. J. S. Paul, Beaumont; tarred and feathered for alleged malpractice. May 21.—Justice of the Peace, Joseph J. Devere, Sour Lake; tarred and feathered. May 24.—John Parks, Dallas, flogged; charged with aggravated assault. June 8.—Dr. R. H. Lenert, Brenham; whipped, tarred and feathered;

charged with speaking German and with disloyalty during the war. June 14.—Attorney J. W. Boyd taken from office and whipped on charges of annoying girls. June 17.—Negro James Collins, Belton; whipped and branded, after grand jury had failed to indict him on charges of annoying white women. June 18.—E. L. Bloodsworth and Olan Jones, oil field workers; tarred and feathered and driven out of town. June 20.—Henry Schulz, Wharton; alleged German; tarred and feathered. June 27.—Ku Klux Klan at Austin, Tex., posted placards warning against violations of the

a widow \$50. A county judge at Cuero was given \$60 to present to a tuberculosis sufferer. The Dallas Orphans' Home received \$100 from the local Klan.

I have chosen these examples in Texas because the newspapers there have been actively and aggressively opposed to the Ku Klux Klan, and have kept a careful record of the Klan's activities in the State. Analysis of the cases given above will show that, at the beginning of the

year, the Klan directed its attention mostly toward correcting questions of color. They finally worked their way toward settling domestic difficulties, and trying to direct private and public morals by means of force. This means that they turned their attentions to whites rather than to negroes. After half a year of activity one branch of the Klan does not find itself able to stop at the punishment of men, but subjects a white American woman to the most disgusting "punishment." And shortly thereafter, when the Texas courts and Texas citizens are opposing the activities of the Klan, we find robbers using the Klan's costumes and methods to remove a man from a hotel and rob him.

RECORDS of the Klan's activities in other States will show the same tendency of white-robed men—whether they be true Klansmen or not—toward criminal interference with individuals or

toward actual robbery and murder. Worthy as are the motives of the leaders of this twentieth-century Ku Klux Klan, it begins to appear, after an existence of about two years, that they can no more keep the new Klan to its high ideals than could the fine old Southern General Forrest, when he disbanded it then.

Any careful investigator of the new Ku Klux Klan, who works on the scene and analyzes the deeds of the men in the white robes, must come to the conclusion that the new Klan is a dangerous and unmanageable thing and that citizens who attempt to put it down in their own communities are seeking to protect themselves from dangers that are very real.

In many parts of the South, notably Florida, Texas, Oklahoma, North Carolina and Georgia, citizens and officials both are beginning a strong campaign against the Klan. In North Carolina the State Dragon has ordered the State organization disbanded. The society is too dangerous and, in spite of its fine American platform, too un-American in its plans and operations, to be endured.

The Ku Klux Klan Law

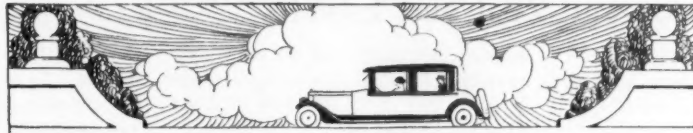
THERE is a federal law against Ku Klux Klanism. It was passed in 1871 after Congress had investigated the white riders and their activities. This law calls night-riding "rebellion." It makes it a "high crime" to "go upon the highways or upon the premises of another with the intent to deprive any person of the protection of the law; to hinder state authorities from providing such protection; to impede the course of justice in any manner."

President Grant was, and other presidents likewise are, authorized by this law to employ the Army and Navy, if necessary, to restore order in any state where "rebellion" exists, if the local authorities fail to protect citizens from offenses of marauders. The President may suspend the writ of habeas corpus in any state where local officials cannot preserve the peace against "rebellion." No person may act as a juror in a case against a member of the forbidden "combination or conspiracy" who cannot swear that he has not been a member of the organization. All cases, under the law, are to be tried in federal courts. Any person who has knowledge that an offense is committed, and does not notify the authorities, can be fined \$5,000, the money to go to the widow, or next-of-kin, of the person losing his life in "such outrage."

The penalty for Ku Klux Klanism, though the law does not specifically mention the Ku Klux Klan, is a fine of from \$500 to \$5,000; imprisonment, with or without hard labor, for six months to six years. Injured persons may also collect damages from the guilty parties.

moral law. July 5.—Benjamin Pinto, found in automobile with woman, tarred and feathered; woman taken to her home. July 8.—Harry Adams, gardener, San Antonio; beaten and choked; released when 'avengers' found they had the wrong man. July 9.—Citizens of Beeville met and passed resolutions against Ku Klux Klan offering \$100 reward for apprehension of Klan. July 9.—Representative Rountree, of Brazos County, proposed anti-Ku Klux Klan legislation in Texas legislature. July 16.—Judge Hamilton, at Austin, announced that no members of Ku Klux Klan could sit on jury in his court. July 16.—Mrs. Beulan Johnson, white woman; taken from hotel porch at Tenaha, stripped, tarred and feathered. July 16.—W. M. Houpengartner, banker; tarred and feathered and beaten, on charges of infidelity. July 18.—E. H. Peters, Chandler; dragged from his room to automobile, robbed of \$200 after severe beating, and thrown from the car, gravely injured."

There were ten parades of local Ku Klux Klan organizations in Texas during the first six months of the year. In some cases donations of money were given to worthy causes. The Houston Y. W. C. A. received \$600 after their home had burned. The San Antonio Orphans' Home received \$100 from the Ku Klux Klan. The Klan at Wharton, Tex., gave



MOTOR DEPARTMENT

Conducted by H. W. SLAUSON, M.E.

Readers desiring information about motorcars, trucks, accessories or touring routes, can obtain it by writing to the Motor Department, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 627 W. 43d Street, New York. We are glad to answer inquiries free of charge.

WHY THE SELF-CONTAINED POWER PLANT WILL REMAIN SUPREME

WE may sometimes be inclined to forget that the sun is the source of all energy. We know, of course, that we could not live long without its health-giving rays, that it provides the warmth which makes us comfortable and which grows all our food, and that, were it not for the space-annihilating ability of its rays, we would soon find what absolute zero, or the coldness of space, really was like.

We have been told, too, that coal is the stored-up energy of the sun, released after millions of years of entombment in the earth. Petroleum and all its products, also, are results of the same chemical change and, therefore, are likewise newly-released concentrated essences of the sun's power of a million years ago.

And even the power which we obtain from our waterfalls is directly attributable to the sun, for, were it not for the process of evaporation caused by the heat rays which turn to rain drops, our waterfalls would soon dry up.

Power is best exemplified by lifting a weight, and best created by dropping a weight. Masses of water weighing tons in their drop, produce the power in which this country is so rich. The sun draws this water up again in the form of particles of moisture and drops it into our streams and reservoirs in the shape of rain. Hence, the sun is the mighty windlass by which these volumes of water are raised, and it is Old Sol himself who lifts the weights which wind the clock of our waterpower.

But when we think along these lines, does it not seem strange that we cannot use the sun's power in a more direct way—concentrated, possibly, by means of enormous magnifying glasses so that we can obtain heat for the production of steam with no expense for fuel; or we may note the resistless energy of the waves and tide continuing ceaselessly

in calm as well as in wind and throughout all seasons of the year. Here, it seems, must be a mighty force which man has too long left unharnessed, and by harnessing which he could obtain, if not in theory, at least the principal advantages of perpetual motion.

But a little mathematics will soon shatter such dreams. A horsepower is a force capable of lifting 33,000 pounds 1 foot in one minute, or to state it in another way, it can lift 1 pound 33,000 feet in one minute, or 1,000 pounds, 33 feet in one minute.

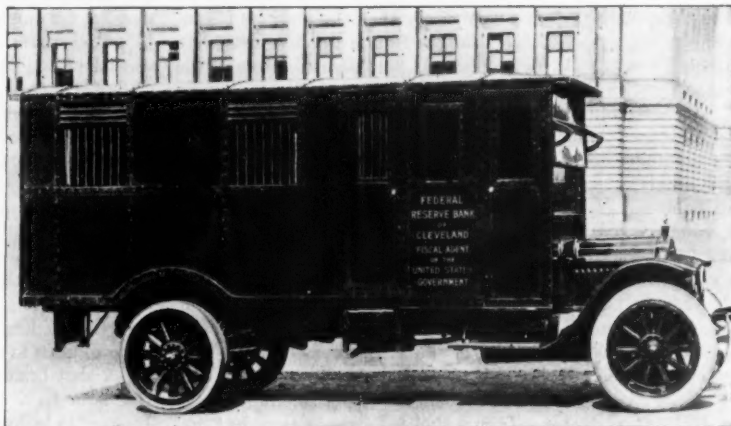
The simplest way to harness the ceaseless surf would be to make each wave lift a weight. To the owner of a seaside cottage some such machine which would pump his fresh water, furnish electric light and accomplish the other odd jobs performed by the modern power-plant would prove a boon indeed. But such an outfit would need to be proof against the most severe winter storms, and in spite of the fact that it would use no fuel, it must be of slight initial cost.

of which would be available for energy. Each wave on a calm day might lift this thousand pound weight two feet—or let us assume an average of three feet throughout the season. There are no more than eight waves per minute, which gives us a total of a thousand-pound weight lifted twenty-four feet in one minute. One horse-power represents a thousand pound weight lifted thirty-three feet in one minute. Consequently we would have less than three-quarters of a horse-power available from this supposititious outfit, the weight of one moving part of which would be at least 1,000 pounds. With the remainder of the gear and other machinery added, a bulky, expensive and cumbersome power-plant would be needed to obtain only one-half of a horse-power, for the remainder of the less than three-quarters horse-power would be absorbed in internal friction and other losses. There are, of course, other theoretical methods by which the energy of the waves may be obtained, but this is the simplest.

Multiply the weight by the distance through which it would travel in a minute and divide by thirty-three and we will have the number of horse-power available.

For a cost of from \$3 to \$500, a weight of less than 500 pounds, and a fuel consumption of scarcely more than half a gallon per hour, a complete gasoline engine-driven electrical generating plant can be obtained which will occupy in square inches what our supposititious tide power plant (Concluded on page

357)



INTERNATIONAL

In many cities throughout the United States banking houses and other organizations whose business necessitates the transfer of large sums of money and valuable securities from one office to another are using steel-armored motor trucks for the purpose, as a protection against bandits. The Federal Reserve Bank has adopted for this purpose the type of car shown in this photograph. The steel body of the "moving fortress" is bullet proof, and keys to its one door are kept at the branch offices to be visited. The windows are heavily barred, and at the first signs of an attack, the guards by pressing a button can drop steel shades, while, through small portholes, they can open fire on the enemy.

"Courage, Zeal and Loyalty"—(Continued from page 339)

vigilance of the white "B'wanas." But dawn found the camp quiet and soon, after a hasty meal, the *sefari* went forward.

Holton was openly derisive, flouting the theory of any possible danger. Larkin and Cummings directed the course of the *sefari* and answered nothing. June rode close now by her father's orders, and the conversations raced merrily enough, every now and then reverting to their exodus.

"It's delightful country," said Holton. "It's too bad it's not more thickly settled by whites and this pest—the White B'wana and his Nandis—wiped out of it. Rotten shame to have a menace of that sort constantly hanging over this wonderful plateau."

"It won't hang long," significantly answered Cummings. "That renegade and his lawless savages will soon be out of it. This is the last straw. When he begins to threaten Government stations where there are white women, why, it's time for the King's Rifles to take the trail—and they will, if I have anything to say about it!"

"How ferocious you are, Dad!" laughed June. "How blood-thirsty!"

"That poor devil will have no chance with all hands turned against him," smiled Larkin. "I'm just a wee bit sorry for him—after all, he's white, you know."

Holton laughed. "Are you, too, soft-hearted, Larkin? Miss June also tries to defend him occasionally. She insists that the Government has treated him too harshly, and that he's a gentleman who accepted his *congé* to protect some woman or other. The sentiment doesn't hitch up with his raids, does it?"

"Well," laughed Larkin, "I wouldn't go as far as to say that; but I understand the lady's viewpoint." He eyed June, who smiled and dropped her eyes. "She and I are both sorry for the under dog."

Two more days and nights passed, Holton and the young lieutenant both trying to monopolize June's attention whenever the opportunity offered. The girl treated both with equal friendliness and camaraderie, and the three had many a spirited conversation and laugh together. Her father sometimes joined their banter, but mainly took no part in it.

His many years on the frontier taught him that it was a very real danger that threatened. His keen eyes constantly searched the plains for possible signs of natives.

On the third day, within a few miles of the rendezvous on Sergon Lake with Captain Foster's men, several shots suddenly fell near them. Instantly the porters

dropped their packs and the whole *sefari* scrambled for shelter amid some craggy boulders that lay at the foot of a low, steep hill to their right.

They formed a natural fortress of stone, protected on three sides. The grassy plains suddenly swarmed with huge, naked Nandi warriors, some armed with their primitive spears and shields, others with discarded and stolen Enfield rifles.

Several of Holton's porters were seen to fall before the entire *sefari* had succeeded in obtaining safety amongst the boulders.

"God!" muttered Holton. "There seem to be thousands of them!"

"There are," answered Larkin shortly.



TREASURE

By ETHEL VAN CISE

LIKE sentinels they are to me
Guarding a precious memory
Of little feet that skipped and hopped;
Of little voice that never stopped;
Of little heart that beat so high
With each new joy the day brought nigh,
Of little hands that clung to me—
Ah!—all are gone. But memory
Tells me that I shall never lose
The thrill that comes from little shoes.

June was hidden under a huge, overhanging boulder; the Swahili soldiers and the armed men of Holton's *sefari* thrown in a semi-circle, then the fusillade began. Several of the Swahili soldiers who were most exposed, were seen to fall, and the attacking Nandi horde collapsed under the concentrated fire of the defenders.

Repulsed, they drew back. It became evident to them that to storm the position, which was slightly higher than the plains, would mean great losses. A cunning brain amongst them solved the problem.

A lull fell. The whites watched the black horde with tense anxiety, waiting for the attack they knew must come sooner or later. But a crowded and nerve-shattering hour went by and still the Nandi stayed out of rifle range.

Then a shot fell right at their feet, followed by several others, all coming uncomfortably close.

"Damn them!" cried Cummings. "They're shooting from above!"

Several more shots fell, and one spat-tered lead upon Cummings' hand.

Holton swore under his breath. "There

you see the brains of their White B'wana!" he muttered. "He must have thought of getting behind and above us! The murderous renegade!"

More shots fell and they caught glimpses of black figures on the hill above and in back of them. Their own blacks were becoming uneasy and tried to find shelter from this rear attack, but it was hard to do, as it exposed them to the Nandi in front. Some returned the fire, but the distance was too great for their haphazard marksmanship.

"We've simply got to get those Nandi up on the hill," said Cummings, "or they'll get us! And that means—" He glanced at the boulder where June was concealed. They eyed one another in utter silence for a moment.

"To get a shot at them," continued Cummings, "means exposing one's self and—taking what may happen—"

"And if we don't," quietly put in Larkin, "it means they'll get us sooner or later, and that means—June." He paused, but went on again: "Your natives will be no protection without a white master; they'll be stampeded—like rattled ostriches."

"I'm the oldest," said Cummings; "I'll go out—"

"No, you won't," interrupted Holton. "You have her to look after, remember. I'm going." He broke open several boxes of cartridges, stuffed his pockets and started over the stones.

"Dick!" called June suddenly, catching sight of him. "Where are you going?" Her eyes were wide, her face pale, one hand

pressed to her heart.

Holton paused irresolute.

"You'll be killed!" she cried, her eyes showing her suffering.

Several shots fell around him as he started back, his face transfigured. He made his way to her side. He had eyes for nothing else but her. They talked in low tones for perhaps a minute; then he started forward again. June's eyes were wet.

Larkin had been a silent spectator of the little drama unfolding before him. Cummings turned to him with anguished eyes. He reached out suddenly and halted Holton.

"I think," he said softly, "that it's my place to go. In the first place, I'm a far better shot than either of you; secondly, you both have her"—nodding toward June—"to look after; thirdly, I am alone—there isn't a soul in the world waiting anywhere to see me, so I can afford best to take the chance." He smiled to the girl, then to Holton and Cummings; then swiftly made his way from boulder to boulder. They saw him crouch

(Concluded on page 352)

A BRAVER BLIND MAN

By ARTHUR C. BROOKS

SIR ARTHUR PEARSON, blind superintendent of the St. Dunstan school for blind soldiers in London, England, was walking one morning in that city. As he reached a curb he heard a cart approaching and halted. The cart stopped just in front of him. The sightless man unhesitatingly walked around it and continued on his way. A few yards farther a friend caught up with him and said, "It was wonderful the way you avoided that cart, especially because of its unusual length."

"But it wasn't wonderful," explained Sir Pearson. "When the cart stopped I knew that the horse was immediately in front of me, for I could hear his breathing. I knew it was a coal-cart because of the smell, and that it was a long cart, because all coal-carts—in London, anyway—are long."

Eight years ago Sir Arthur Pearson was one of the great publishers of England. He collected newspapers and magazines, according to Richard Harding Davis, as other men collect postage stamps and cigar bands. A most energetic man, near the peak of his career, he was also a consistent sportsman, fond of tennis and golf. And with little premonition his sight was suddenly swept away. Since then Sir Pearson has literally made himself over in his determination to become, in his own words, "a better blind man."

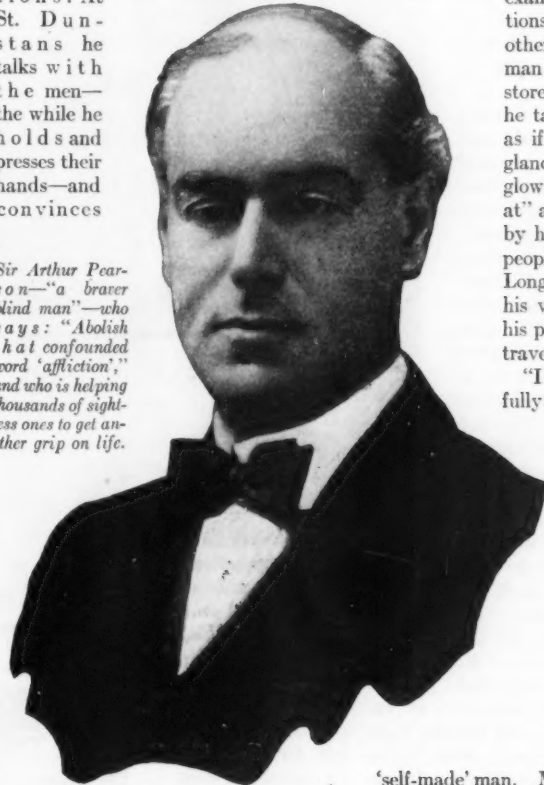
He has succeeded to the extent that his independence from any kind of outside aid, save that of ordinary reading, makes him appear a wizard to many. The explanation which this extraordinary man offers for his uncanny perception of people and things is simply that his senses have developed and expanded under the stress of concentration. The common term, "compensation," he corrects as inaccurate; the other senses are merely developed through greater need and use.

Sir Pearson visited this country at the invitation of the Red Cross Institute for Crippled and Disabled Men. In his own country he has enabled hundreds of vet-

erans to get another grip on life. By his indomitable will and invariably cheerful presence he has instilled his highly practicable logic and philosophy into the hearts of men who might otherwise succumb to what the over-sentimental world likes to term the most terrible of afflic-

tions. At St. Dunstan's he talks with the men—the while he holds and presses their hands—and convinces

Sir Arthur Pearson—"a braver blind man"—who says: "Abolish that confounded word 'affliction,' and who is helping thousands of sightless ones to get another grip on life."



COURTESY RED CROSS

them that there is much for them to do. And his own inspiring fight is ever an unanswerable argument.

"Abolish that confounded word, 'affliction,'" Sir Pearson declares. "If you don't, a man will adopt the soul-destroying word and immediately give into and

sink under the weight of it. Release the creative impulse and energy, let him know that he can and is accomplishing something, and he is fixed. That is true of everything in life. Stop moaning about the past; look ahead, get up, go on!"

This braver blind man is a splendid example of his own convictions. He refuses to act otherwise than as a normal man acts. This goes to restore him to norm. When he talks he faces the other as if he could see him; he glances occasionally at the glow of his cigar; he "looks at" as well as feels the time by his watch; he visualizes people, places and things. Long ago he dispensed with his valet in the interest of his persistent purpose. He travels and lectures.

"I had always lived very fully," he said, "been all over, done lots of things. I wasn't going to give in. I merely had to strike out a new path; even people who can see must strike out a new path if they do not want to be defeated. I did it when I was a young fellow. I suppose I am what you would call a

'self-made' man. My father was a clergyman. I was in business, and when I was twenty-three I came to the United States for a short stay, and I consider it one of the most momentous events in my career. I saw your young men all about me accomplishing more and earning more than I had ever thought possible. When I returned to England . . . I had new interests—a great many of them."

TILL THE LAST GREAT SONG IS SUNG

By KENDALL BANNING

There is wonder in your eyes
Soft as music men forget;
There is fragrance in your hair
Faint as breath of mignonette
In the moonlit gardens where
Aucassin met Nicolette.

There are tears behind your smiles
Fleet as rain on April seas;
There is valor in your soul
That once knew the ecstasies
Of Tristram and the fair Isult,
Of Abelard and Heloise.

There is laughter on your lips
Light as summer winds that blew
Down the fields of asphodel
Paola and Francesca knew,
Fugitive as Hero's dreams
E'er Leander came to woo.

There is music in your name
Like the magic spells that twine
Names of lovers, pair by pair,—
Pierrot's and Columbine,
Pelleas' and Melisande's,
Daphnis', Chloe's,—yours and mine.

There is romance in your heart
Brave as ghostly swords that glow
By the towers of Camelot
In the days of long ago,
When Guenevere loved Lancelot
And Juliet loved Romeo.

*Dear, the song of Old Romance,
Like as lyric gages flung
Down the ages, challenge Youth,
"Live and love while life is young,"
Till the gates of Eden close,
Till the last Great Song is sung.*

"Caruso! Carissimo!"—(Continued from page 333)

"While playing Samson on November 30 he miscalculated the descending pillars in the final scene and sustained an injury to his head. This should have been a warning to him as it was to some of those around him. When it came time for 'Pagliacci' a week later it was suggested that he discard the cart which is so long associated with the first set in the little opera. He ignored the suggestion, declaring that the cart was a vital artistic part of the *mise en scene* and that Canio's first finale would be spoiled without it.

"This was typical of Caruso, ever careless of himself, ever over confident of his physical powers. The muscular exertion required for sustained breath control in the "Ridi pagliacci" number had the effect of driving a great deal of blood to his head, naturally. Thus it is logical to suppose that the black spots and dizziness due to blood pressure afflicted him virulently as he turned toward the steps of the cart at the end of the song. So his fall is accounted for.

"The whole audience that night saw that he was in pain, and there was an unusual wait between acts while he was being examined, but finally he appeared and sang the final act, and was heartily cheered by his admirers.

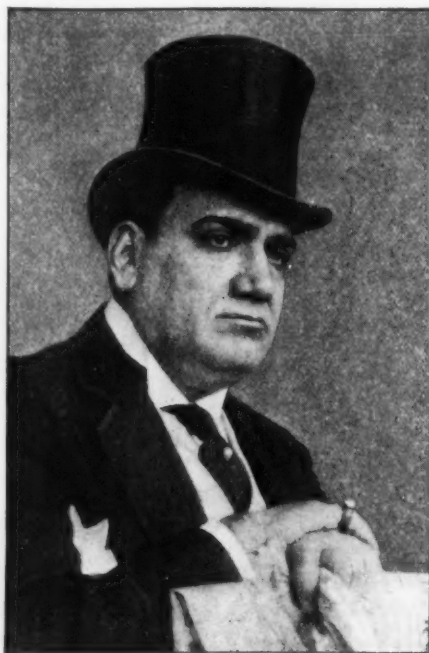
"Now, what happened in that fall, I believe, was this: one of his ribs was either fractured or splintered, perhaps slightly. It was not discovered on examination, however, and Caruso took to his bed for several days. First, it was given out that he had intercostal neuralgia, and, later, that he had lumbago. He became better and appeared in Brooklyn within a week in 'L'elisir d'amour.' There, again, the performance was halted by the breaking of a nodule at the base of a tonsil, which also halted the performance, but which as announced, was of no great moment, the lesion having no effect either on the voice or the constitution.

"However, the rib hurt in 'Pagliacci' must have been at work all this time for on Christmas Eve he made his final appearance in 'La Juive,' and was in pain all through the performance. After that he took to his bed and was never right again.

"My theory is that a piece of the bone fractured by the cart in 'Pagliacci' punctured the pleural cavity. It was this that caused the empyema from which he died. It was announced that he had four operations. As a matter of fact he had seven here in New York. The supuration spread so fast that one after the other was required in an attempt

to drain the cavity of the fast spreading pus.

"The first operations were minor, being made with cocaine, and did not reach the seat of the trouble. Finally,



a major operation, with anesthesia, was resorted to, and from this, after a terrific struggle, the patient seemed to recover. Before he left for Italy he was pronounced on the road to health.

"Then, a few days before his death, there came the sudden apparition of the abscess between his diaphragm and his liver, but he was too weak to withstand another major operation. This abscess must have been incipient when he left New York, but it very likely lay under a fold of the pancreas in such a fashion that its shadow was not revealed by the x-ray. However, this finally fatal abscess probably received its origin from the supuration resulting from the pleural puncture that came about through the fall in 'Pagliacci.'

"The surgeon who performed the major operation in New York, says there was no broken rib, although he removed a portion of a rib, as is customary in such operations. It would have been possible

for a rib to have splintered and to have been healed in the weeks that elapsed between the 'Pagliacci' incident and the operation. Many persons carry broken ribs for years without even knowing it. But in this case the fracture resulted fatally.

"I make no criticism of the attending physicians. In their case I might have followed the same procedure. Anyone would be likely to hesitate to perform a major operation on a man of Caruso's eminence without positive assurance that it was absolutely necessary."

* * *

One does not require an agreement among doctors (who never agree) to be satisfied that Fate took a hand in Caruso's finish as it always had a hand in shaping his career.

Occasionally, in a rare mood, Nature creates a man destined to have the perfect career, a model and a pattern for mankind. Such was Caruso. And the cap sheaf on this career was to pass out at the zenith, while the full tide of the noon-day sun broke over his happy head, still adored by the multitudes and honored by sovereigns.

His was the sort of death desired by every great artist—in harness, serving that public which dutifully worshipped him but which was equally ready, as he

well knew, to turn from him mercilessly at the first sign of a break in his powers. John McCormack said the other day, "It was a beautiful moment to die, before he began to go downhill."

How much better was it to go thus than to linger on for decrepit years and to pass the customary successive stages resentfully disputing the advance of age and failing powers; to slip at length from the first to the second opera company, to lose the going crowd and to be told only by parasites that the voice is still as good as ever, to come at last to the bargain counter and to sell the incomparable prestige to curios-

ity hunters or to be obliged to retire to obscurity and to dwell greyly in the past.

Surely Caruso himself would not have wished it otherwise, especially if he had

(Concluded on page 358)



Caruso snapped on "the Avenue," and (below) one of his sketches of a friend—Jesse L. Lasky, of motion picture fame.

The Rodeo Girls Who Flirt with Death—(Continued from page 341)

these girls, Westerners either by birth or choice, is offered in the adventures of Mrs. Hank Keenen with Naughty Girl, a big gray outlaw horse that held title to her name.

One of the opening events of this pioneer Western classic was the women's outlaw horse riding, and Mrs. Keenen was allotted Naughty Girl. Naughty Girl was feeling particularly mean. Broncos, like ostriches, are usually quite docile when they are blindfolded. But Naughty Girl, even with the strip of burlap over her eyes, resisted efforts of strong cowpunchers to saddle her. Finally, when the saddle had been cinched to the satisfaction of Mrs. Keenen, the young woman swung up, grasped the reins—which, by the way, are quite useless in directing a horse, being attached to a halter and not to a bit—and raised her right hand aloft. A cowboy snatched away the blind from the eyes of Naughty Girl. Mrs. Keenen gave one dig with her spurs, and the great gray horse reared high in the air and toppled over backward.

WHEN a bucking horse falls backward of its own design, without the foreknowledge of its rider, it makes its most dangerous manoeuvre, for the rider's entire skill must be utilized in avoiding being crushed by the animal.

Naughty Girl struggled to her feet, and, rearing and bucking, plunged away, with half a dozen riders in pursuit. But, when the dust of the short struggle cleared, the undertone of excitement from the stands was stilled by the sight of Mrs. Keenen lying motionless on the ground. Within a few seconds she had been removed, unconscious, to the other side of the big field by an army ambulance, from Fort D. A. Russell, stationed at the park. Now that the war is over, the army physicians keep in trim by patching up the hardy folk who risk their necks to afford amusement for the New York motorist and the Florida Pullman tourist.

Mrs. Keenen was badly shaken up, and it was some time before she was revived. But next day she appeared again, and, probably due to the injuries of the previous day, she was unseated by an outlaw horse. The next day she came back, and the next. And on the fourth day, again she was allotted Naughty Girl.

This time, within the confines of the race track fronting the stands instead of in the open field encircled by the track, Mrs. Keenen fought Naughty Girl to a finish. This time Naughty Girl did not fall back. She fought as only a bad horse can fight. Hand high and spurs digging, Mrs. Keenen withstood the stiff-legged jolts of the gray bronco until the crowd roared its admiration. The crowd loves a fighter.

Probably the most remarkable of this daredevil group of women is a young lady

laying claim to the un-euphonious name of Kitty Canutt. No ranch-hand she. She was born in Mount Vernon, a suburb of New York City, and educated there and in Spain. She is of Spanish descent, and her pleasingly molded, vivacious features suggest the click of castanets rather than the dainty tinkle of her gold and silver and highly useful spurs.

Kitty Canutt and Lorena Trickey are companions. From show to show they travel together, and often a contest for a



Kitty Canutt leaves her bronchos long enough to make a pudding for the hands in the "cook house"

championship evolves itself into a personal conflict between these two friends.

Miss Canutt knew nothing of the West until 1915, when she went with friends to visit in Miles City, Montana. There, under the tutelage of these friends, she became an adept horsewoman in an amazingly short time. She decided to stay in Miles City, and employed her quite extensive education in becoming a stenographer and secretary for French and Italian government agents who were buying horses for war use.

"What happened when you first tried to ride an outlaw?" she was asked.

"I got bucked higher than the sky, of course."

But three days later, after she had recovered from a hard fall, she rode the horse that bucked her off.

Swiftly then followed victories at the rodeos. In Miles City in 1916 she took first place in the women's bronco busting. Then in Cheyenne, Garden City, Kansas, Pendleton, Albany and McMendill, Oregon, she took prizes. Meantime she was expanding her training. She became a crack relay rider, and learned trick riding.

Miss Canutt, like Miss Trickey, Miss Henderson, Ruth Roach and the rest, has paid for her prizes. At various times she has suffered, besides minor cuts which

have left their marks, a broken arm, two broken ribs, a crushed knee—this latter when a relay horse crashed with her into a fence in Los Angeles—and a hard fall which caused the loss of many teeth. But never has she been hurt on a bronco. The relay races proved much more dangerous.

In fact, these girls will tell you that bronco busting is almost the least of their worries. It lasts only a few seconds—a little over a minute at most. During that time one gets a good shaking, and a hard fall may knock the breath from one's body; but, unless a horse falls or steps on the rider, bronco busting is—relatively—safe.

The word "relatively" plays an important part in that last statement. Bucking horse riding is dangerous enough to cause most hardy men to think twice before attempting it. In 1917 Mrs. Ed Wright, at the time one of the best of women riders, holding the champion's title, was killed outright when a bronco which she was riding in Denver became badly mixed up with a fence.

BUT other stunts of the Wild West shows, if not quite so spectacular as bucking horse riding, are more strenuous and hazardous, and require greater training. Relay riding is one of the hardest tasks undertaken by the women riders. It requires great endurance, to urge a horse to its best speed for a half-mile lap, to dismount before the horse has stopped, to change to another mount, swing astride while the animal is moving, and again to repeat the operation.

In a crowded field the hazards of relay riding are doubled. The most intense excitement experienced by those who saw the Cheyenne round-up last month was caused by a spectacular accident in the women's relay race, which, by great good fortune, resulted in serious injury only of a splendid racing horse, instead of two women riders.

Lorena Trickey was demonstrating her title to world championship by maintaining a comfortable lead in the second lap of the relay. Kitty Canutt's mount pulled up where the other two horses of the girl's string were being held, and Miss Canutt made a lightning-like change, swung into her saddle on a second horse, and again thundered down the track after her friend and rival, Mary Stockum. Another rider, was close on the heels of Miss Canutt's horse. She, too, made a swift change, and, hanging by the saddle horn, with one foot in a stirrup, she urged the fresh horse forward, intending to settle in the saddle as she raced down the track.

But she did not. Her horse, having attained full speed almost at a jump, careened violently into the animal ridden by Miss Canutt. A single, deep groan

(Concluded on page 358)

"Courage, Zeal and Loyalty"—(Concluded from page 348)

and fire and a yell answered him.

He was in full view of the Nandi upon the plains and they immediately opened upon him mercilessly. Cool, his lips puckered as if he were whistling, he calmly reloaded and continued his firing at the Nandi above.

"That's number four," he sang out. "There's only two more up there that I can see. I'll get them in a minute."

"Gad!" whispered Holton. "That man makes me proud to be an Englishman! Did you ever see more superb nerve in your life?"

Cummings growled some reply and viciously worked the bolt of his rifle as he continued shooting at any Nandi that offered a possible target.

The Nandi had seen the results of Larkin's deadly fire, and all their rifles were turned upon him now. The Swahili soldiers and Holton's boys also began to fire to discourage a charge, and it became a miniature battlefield.

Then, all at once, a shout went up from the Nandi. Furious activity was apparent. Through his glasses Cummings made out several mounted figures racing here and there.

"Five!" called Larkin. "One more and I'm through."

They saw him rise, level his rifle quickly and fire; then collapse queerly, like an empty bag.

"He's hit!" cried Holton, and in a second he went over the boulders and began to drag Larkin toward their shelter. It was no easy task. Several shots kicked up the dust and chipped stone all about him, but he finally picked up Larkin and brought him in.

"I'm all right now," protested Larkin weakly. "Leave me here. I'm all right here. They need your rifle up there—keep those devils from rushing us. I'm all right." He lay back against a stone, June rushing to his side.

The Nandi began to disappear as suddenly as they had appeared.

"They're withdrawing!" exclaimed Cummings.

"What?" cried Holton, crossing to his side. He swept the plains below with his glasses. "Look there!" he said suddenly, pointing.

Cummings made out a thin, long body of horsemen. "Captain Foster and his men!" he ejaculated. "Well, that will end the fighting to-day. There's nothing more to fear. Ahmed! Ahmed!" he called sharply. The Arab appeared. "Direct the soldiers here and have one of the men bring water at once!"

Then he and Holton ran back to where Larkin lay. His eyes were closed, but he opened them suddenly, and they fell upon the girl with a look that caused her to turn her eyes away. Painfully he raised his arm and took her hand for a moment; then it fell away as if he were too weak to hold it up.

His servant, whom all had forgotten in the excitement, was now crouching by the side of his prostrate master, crooning in savage futility. Larkin's eyes closed again. Cummings motioned his daughter away, and tore open the shirt of the wounded man. Several serious chest wounds brought an exclamation to his lips. Holton winced.

"I'm afraid he's done," whispered Cummings. "Through both lungs. Keep giving him water while I go and hurry the troops along. They may have a surgeon with them."

The troops had approached within two hundred yards, and Cummings ran forward to meet them, shouting a greeting as he ran.

MY AIN STREET

By WILLIAM LUDLUM

MAIN STREET may be the thoroughfare

Where busy throngs parade,
The mart where kings of money meet
To barter and to trade;
But there's a street, a quiet street
Where crowds are never known—
The street to which I turn each night,
The street I call—"My own!"

Main Street may claim me thru the day,

But when the day is done
I set all business cares aside,
To wait another sun
And, as the shades of evening fall,
Main Street I do disown
To tread that humble little street—
The street I call—"My own!"

There Mollie and the kids await
My coming every night.

Within that little house of mine
Is love and warmth and light.
'Tis home! A home in every sense,
All mine, and mine alone—
On my street, my ain street,
The street I call—"My own!"

"Lucky you came," he called. "Not a moment too soon. We'd have been wiped out in a few hours. Have you a surgeon with you? Quick! One of our number hurt badly."

Captain Foster nodded. "Yes," he said. "We've a surgeon with us. Heard your firing at the lake and pushed on. Guessed you must be having trouble. Who's hurt?"

"Lieutenant Larkin. Lucky he got through—for us. If they had surprised us at the station, not a soul would have lived."

"Who——?" began Foster.

"Hurry!" shouted Holton, appearing suddenly on a boulder. "Hurry! I'm afraid he's gone!"

They scrambled over the stones, followed by the surgeon and made their way

to Larkin's side. The surgeon examined him for a minute, then turned to them.

"It's too late," he said gravely. "He's dead. Couldn't have saved him anyway—too serious." He examined one wound curiously, and spoke again. "That's strange," he said. "This wound is about two days old."

"What?" cried Cummings. "Do you mean to say the man went two days with a hole in his chest?"

The surgeon nodded. "Perhaps longer," he said.

"He saved our lives to-day," whispered Cummings, through white lips. "He must have been wounded on his way up with your message."

"My message?" asked Captain Foster blankly.

"To warn us and guide us out by the short route."

"I never sent him!" denied Foster. "All I sent you was a native runner, telling you I'd meet you at the lake here, and we'd go back to 'Nzoi together. Why, I never set eyes on that man before!"

For an instant they stared at one another in astonishment. Larkin's native servant broke out in voluble speech and Cummings listened intently. Finally, he turned to the others.

"He says," he repeated, "that the Nandi shot his master because he would not lead an attack upon the station—where there was a white woman. He told the boy to get to us and warn us in case he died. It seems he—he—he's seen June once or twice through his glasses and—admired her."

Bewilderment stamped the white faces. The surgeon still knelt by the side of the dead Englishman.

"It's all over for him," he said, finally, rising and handing a small object to Captain Foster. "This was on a string around his neck."

Foster took the medal and read the inscription. He started to speak, but his voice failed him; then he passed the medal to Cummings and turned away. Cummings glanced at it, his face pale as chalk. June was standing at a little distance, white, immutable, the tears silently running down her cheeks. Cummings walked over and laid the medal in her hands. As she read it, she suddenly sobbed. On the medal was engraved:

*"To Captain Clyde Benson,
Egyptian Cavalry.
For Courage, Zeal and Loyalty.
1912."*

Holton took the medal from her hands and glanced at it; then he looked upon the silent figure stretched so calmly at his feet, a slight, ironic smile on the still, boyish lips. "I—beg your pardon," murmured Holton under his breath, as if he expected the silent figure to hear. "I beg your pardon!" Then he removed his hat, humbly, reverently.

A RAILROAD PEACEMAKER

By Albert Sidney Gregg

MR. F. H. GOFF, head of the Cleveland Trust Company, who has been selected by President Harding to find a basis of agreement for settling the claims and counter claims growing out of government control of railroads during the war, is a very unusual character. Also, he has had a most interesting career.

When he was a little fellow his father moved to Cleveland from Blackbury, a village near Chicago.

In arranging the transportation the family horse was shipped by rail and "Fred" and his brother Isaac traveled with the horse, greatly to their delight. Thus it was that F. H. Goff landed in Cleveland in a box car.

The Goffs remained in Cleveland for a few years during which time the boys attended school and Fred carried a newspaper route.

Fred was about twelve when his parents moved to Kansas, his father taking over a cattle ranch at Fort Hays two hundred and fifty miles west of Kansas City. The boys were sent to the University of Kansas at Lawrence, but in summer they worked on the ranch, taking their turn with the cowboys in looking after the cattle.

Two years later the Goffs returned to Cleveland and F. H. was sent to the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. In order to help his father the young man borrowed \$800 from a chum on a plain note, in order that he might be able to pay expenses for the last two years of his college course.

Thus when he came out of college at twenty-two with the degree of Ph.B. he was \$800 in debt.

After graduation he got a job as secretary-janitor of the Cleveland law library at a salary of \$300 a year. He walked to and from his work to save car fare, economized rigorously in every other direction, and read law until late every night.

At twenty-five he was ready to begin the practice of law. He had \$15 cash capital no debts and a lot of hope.

In place of going in with a law firm, he rented desk room from another lawyer for \$10 a month and hung out his sign on the door.

During the first month he took in \$2. The second month his income had increased to \$3.50. At the end of the third month he had made \$12, but by the end of the year he had earned a total of \$1,200.

Later he developed a lucrative practice as attorney for corporations, serving at various times as counsel for the Baltimore & Ohio, and the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, and a number of other great organizations.



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versations required the giving of an order to a telephone employee. Not one of these orders could be put in writing.

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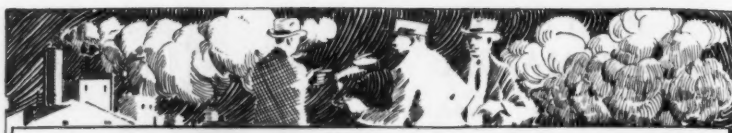
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LESLIE'S INVESTMENT BUREAU

Conducted by THEODORE WILLIAMS

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GENERALLY backward as the business situation has been of late, some significant crumbs of comfort may be extracted from it. There is a good deal of actual picking up in large industries. Railroad earnings have so much improved that the Chairman of the Association of Railway Executives is of the opinion that the "corner has been turned," and that the carriers should prosper henceforth. The grain crops in the big West promise to be immense, and as they have been produced at much lower cost than last year, the farmers, instead of suffering loss, stand a chance of making substantial profits, even though market prices are not so high as formerly. In that case, the

buying power of the agricultural regions should be renewed and should also prove a strong stimulus to various industries. Many textile establishments report greatly bettered conditions, as do some of the motor car and motor car accessories corporations. The steel and iron outlook is growing brighter and the captains in those lines believe the turn has already come. The packers, also, speak more optimistically than they did a few months ago. The lumber trade, it is stated, has taken on new life lately. An advance in the price of Kentucky crude oil was hailed as the beginning of betterment in all oil fields. Grain exports continue large and there has been quite a demand from foreign parts for cotton and copper. Building operations, despite labor troubles and still excessive cost of materials, seem to be expanding at many points. Money is easier and frozen credits have been extensively thawed out. And cutting down of taxation seems no longer a mere empty dream that can never be realized.

These are all prophetic indicators, but perhaps the most encouraging straw of all is the fact that in certain industries stagnation has been overcome by increased effort and that here and there for a growing number of concerns 1921 bids fair to be one of their best years. This matter every business man would do well to ponder, and then he should inquire if he, himself, is properly meeting the demands of the

NOTICE

MANY readers have been inquiring, "What has become of 'Jasper'?" "Jasper" was the pen-name assumed by the late John A. Sleicher, when on July 6, 1889, he founded this department, which has now been in existence over thirty-two years and is the oldest feature of its kind in any American weekly newspaper. About nineteen years ago the present editor of the department joined LESLIE'S staff, became identified with its financial comment and correspondence and in course of time took exclusive charge of the department, though the name, "Jasper," was retained until Mr. Sleicher's definite retirement. The department's oldtime policy of trying to tell the truth about securities, of warning readers against undesirable issues, and of aiding them to make sound investments is still being faithfully pursued.

time. Is everybody doing his best to push the sales of his products and wares? If the great majority are passive and unhelpful, and are merely marking time, waiting for something to turn up, and not striving to create business, they deserve to have shrinking revenues and deficits. The

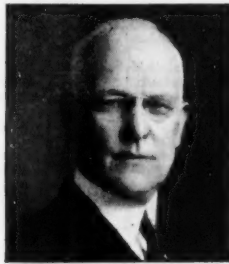
darker and more difficult the situation, the harder they should strive to overcome it. It is amazing how successful live salesmen can be in spite of adverse circumstances. A great insurance company's business had fallen off largely from the figures of 1920, but a special appeal to its agents to signalize the return of its president from a trip abroad aroused the force everywhere and it wrote up a formidable aggregate of new business. In whatever line, or at whatever time, they may be displayed, hustle and enthusiasm are always fruitful. Were the mass of business men now lying on their oars to rise up and "start something," they could quickly change the entire situation for the better.

They might, indeed, have to make price reductions, but that would increase the volume of their trade and eventually bring them more income. Moreover, they should not shun the mediums of publicity, for thereby they hide themselves in a cave. A veteran merchant de-



EDWARD G. WILMER

Formerly Vice-President of the Steel & Tube Company of America, who was lately elected President of the re-organized Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company. He is 38 years old and has been identified with the mining, steel and chemical business.



WRIGHT

P. B. BARTLEY

Vice-President of the Conrad Trust & Savings Bank, of Helena, Mont., whose ability and high standing as a financier led to his election as President of the Montana Bankers Association. This was the crown of an honorable business career.



WRIGHT

P. M. BUCKWALTER

Cashier of the Miners & Merchants Bank of Bisbee, Ariz., and President of the Arizona Bankers Association. Mr. Buckwalter started his banking career with the Merchants National Bank of Los Angeles, Calif., as messenger at the age of 20.

declares that to advertise one's offerings is even more essential in dull than in lively seasons. A well-put advertisement often attracts orders in the least likely times. No business man has a right to complain if he has failed to keep up his public announcements to the consumers. This applies to every kind of activity.

Something, also, needs to be said here to consumers, on whom finally rests the future of business in this country. They will help to promote the general prosperity, in which they are all individually interested, if they will end their suspension of buying as soon as possible. Many persons can afford to purchase who imagine that they cannot. They have become unduly economical, almost niggardly, in consequence of their fight some time ago against profiteering. They could if they would secure more and better theater clothing and food, books, magazines, theater tickets, first-class stocks and bonds, and other good things, do more traveling, and altogether get a larger fund of joy out of life. All this is coming to pass in due time, but each should do his utmost to hasten its arrival. And the retailers should not forget their duty of making prices reasonable.

Answers to Inquiries

M., CARBONDALE, PA.: Among stocks that are well regarded at the present time are Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, N. Y. Central, Kansas City Southern pfd., U. S. Steel preferred, and Bethlehem Steel 8 per cent. preferred. It is far better to buy one share of a good stock, though it be high priced, than a hundred shares of poor stock that may appear cheap!

C., BUFFALO, N. Y.: The Radio Corporation of America has not as yet become a great success. It has not been able to earn dividends and the low price of the stock indicates the uncertainty of a return. The corporation is in strong hands and eventually may prove profitable, but at present the stock is a long pull. The International Petroleum Co. pays 50 cents per year, only a moderate return on market price of stock. You can get better investments. American Woolen preferred paying 7 per cent., is a better purchase than the issues you mention.

K., EAST TOLEDO, OHIO: The Ruberoid Co. was formerly known as the Standard Paint Co. and as such prospered enough to pay fairly good dividends. It controls the Paraffine Co., Inc. which has paid dividends on preferred, but none on common. The 8 per cent. first mortgage bonds of the Ruberoid Co. are well sponsored and they appear to be a fair business man's purchase.

H., MILWAUKEE, WIS.: Allis-Chalmers common and preferred are both dividend payers, and good business men's investments. It is believed that they will maintain their dividend rate. There is some doubt about Crucible Steel common. But the preferred is reasonably safe. Lackawanna Steel is not a dividend payer, and I do not advise its purchase. Better stocks than any of those you mention are American Woolen common and preferred, Kansas City Southern preferred, and Corn

Products Refining preferred. Such stocks as Union Pacific common, Southern Pacific and Atchison are reasonably safe. Good bonds would be Northern Pacific—Great Northern 6½%. You might also consider Montana Power 5s, Chicago & Northwestern 6½% and Northwest Bell Telephone 7s.

D., ST. PAUL, MINN.: Stocks are not low because of the war, but because the war ceased, reducing the vast demand for products. It is the readjustment process, the getting back to normal conditions, that has lessened the earnings of many corporations and made their stocks less valuable. Among the best class of securities, with probable maintenance of dividends, are U. S. Steel common and preferred, American Woolen preferred and common, American Locomotive preferred and common, Kansas City Southern preferred, Union Pacific, Southern Pacific and Atchison. Lee Tire is a dividend payer with good prospects. It is a fair business man's investment. Sinclair Oil has a future but the stock is apparently a long pull speculation. Columbia Graphophone has sunk to the level of a mere gamble.

M., BLUE HILL, NEBR.: I regret that you were induced to withdraw your money from the building and loan association and to go into a more speculative concern. There is nothing better for investment than shares in a well managed building and loan association. Some such concerns of course are shaky and fail. For future investments you might consider such reasonably safe issues as U. S. of Brazil 8 bonds, Southern Pacific, N. Y. Central 7 per cent. bonds, Westinghouse 7s, American Locomotive preferred, American Woolen preferred, and U. S. Steel preferred.

W., DERBY, CONN.: French Government 7½%, Canadian Pacific, and Union Pacific are all good issues. Everything considered, I would prefer Union Pacific. Among excellent issues paying 8 per cent. are U. S. of Brazil 8s, Bethlehem Steel 8 per cent. preferred, and Kingdom of Norway 8s. Kansas City Southern preferred yield more than 8 per cent. on market price.

S., ARDMORE, OKLA.: Owing to the fluctuating habit of Mexican Petroleum stock, the better plan is to buy it outright. The company during the first six months of this year earned about \$17 a share. Its yearly dividend payments is \$12. If the earnings are maintained the dividends will be secure. The company was adversely affected by the Mexican Government's proposed tax on exports of petroleum and rumors that the Tampico field is in danger of being exhausted. The stock has had a severe slump. On any marked further recession, the shares seem a good business man's speculation.

A., NEW YORK: The financial position of the American Locomotive Company is especially strong. During the first six months of this year it received in interest and dividends on securities owned by it the equivalent of \$7.60 per share on common stock. This was enough to pay dividends on preferred without regard to the earnings of the company. The earnings for the six months were over \$12 a share on common. In case of a real revival of business, this company could safely increase the dividend on common. The latter is one of the best business men's industrial investments.

B., PHILADELPHIA, PA.: The sugar industry has had this year one of its severest set-backs. Seven of the leading companies have passed dividends and two have reduced payments. It is estimated that stockholders are, on account of this, out \$22,000,000. Probably the worst has happened in the sugar business. Certain observers recommend purchase of sugar stocks at this time. American Sugar Refining company is perhaps the best speculation in its line.

C., ROCHESTER, N. Y.: The Canadian Locomotive Co. earned during the past fiscal year the equivalent of \$45 per share on common, making a great gain on the previous year. The stock looks good to hold.

D., WASHINGTON, D. C.: The passing of the dividend on the Chesapeake Manufacturing Company, which is in the Standard Oil group, was a surprise as the company had paid cash dividends with only one quarterly break since 1911, besides a 200 per cent. stock dividend in 1916. In 1918 the quarterly dividend was passed, but it was resumed in the following quarter and that may be the case this time. Don't sacrifice your stock.

E., BOSTON, MASS.: The reduction of New York Air Brake Company's annual dividend from 10 per cent. to 5 per cent. was due to falling off of earnings. The com-

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"Free Booklets for Investors"

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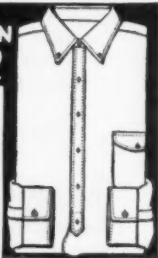


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pany depends for most of its business on the railroads and the latter have not, of late, been buying much. The dividend of 1 1/4 per cent. was paid in 6 per cent. scrip, instead of cash. The company's future should brighten with that of the railroads.

F., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.: It does not seem advisable to take a serious loss on your United States Industrial Alcohol shares. The company's main product is industrial alcohol which should be in better demand when business in general improves.

G., BALTIMORE, MD.: The dividend on American Tel. & Tel. stock seems well assured. The telephone companies are doing remarkably well. In May the income of sixty-eight companies showed an increase of nearly \$2,900,000 as compared with May 1920.

H., ALBANY, N. Y.: Union Bag & Paper stock is selling too low for an issue paying 8 per cent. The directors lately declared the regular quarterly dividend, but the action of the stock indicated some doubt as to the future. Last year the directors set up a reserve fund equal to dividend requirements for a year on an 8 per cent. basis.

Free Booklets for Investors

The interesting new pamphlet, "Two Men and Their Money," published by G. L. Miller & Co., Inc., 118 Hurt Bldg., Atlanta, Ga., describes the ways in which two men invested their savings and tells the results in each case. The story makes a strong appeal to every reader. Miller & Co. deal in first mortgage bonds in denominations of \$100, \$500, and \$1,000, yielding 8 per cent., and sell them on partial payments, if desired. They will send a copy of their helpful pamphlet to any applicant.

Among the most complete and useful pocket manuals of stocks and bonds is "The July Investor's Handbook," issued by E. M. Fuller & Co., members Consolidated Stock Exchange, 50 Broad Street, New York. It contains up-to-date statistics covering corporations whose securities are listed on the exchanges. Investors who do not know the present position of the companies in which they own, or expect to own, stock, should get a copy of

this valuable work. Ask Fuller & Co. to send you LW-71.

Puts and calls guaranteed by members of the New York Stock Exchange, are offered by S. H. Wilcox & Co., 233 Broadway, New York, who will send their descriptive circular L to anybody on request.

No financial house's weekly survey of the situation is more appreciated by, or has been more valuable to, business men and investors than the "Bache Review." Copies free on application to J. S. Bache & Co., 42 Broadway, New York.

The opinion is widespread in financial circles that the equipment stocks are destined to play an important part when the next boom in the stock market is staged. The current weekly market review issued by Charles H. Clarkson, & Co., 66 Broadway, New York, analyzes such well-known issues as Baldwin Locomotive, American Locomotive, Railway Steel Spring, American Car & Foundry, and Haskell & Barker. All these stocks have merit and the average investor would do well to be thoroughly posted on them. A copy of this informing review will be sent on request for bulletin LW-66.

Scott & Stump, investment securities, 40 Exchange Place, New York, are of the opinion that maximum investment safety, coupled with proper return on one's money, can best be obtained in high-grade railroad issues. They give their reasons for this view in "Investment Survey No. 26," which will be mailed to any address, together with the firm's "Partial Payment Booklet S-5," telling how to buy gilt-edged securities approved by banks.

William H. Herbst, 20 Broad Street, New York City, will supply to any interested person his booklet L, which explains the operation of puts and calls in stock market transactions.

The Russell Securities Corporation, Cunard Bldg., 25 Broadway, New York City, has inaugurated the Liberty plan of partial payments for the purchase of securities from one share up. Under this plan the buyer has twelve or twenty-four months in which to pay for any active stock or bond listed on any stock exchange and selling at over \$1 per share. For complete information write to the corporation for its worth-while booklet B-88.

X-Ray Photography — At 100 Yards

(Concluded from page 344)

varies with the density of the object struck by the ray.

While it is being operated, an X-ray tube will display certain colors, and these colors denote different things. A purple color denotes a tube of very low vacuum, one rich in cathode rays, but with X-rays of low penetration. A yellow glow also denotes a "low" tube, but higher than the first. As the tube grows greener, the penetrating rays increase. An apple-green color denotes a tube of medium vacuum; an opalescent color, one of high vacuum; a tube in which little color is perceptible, without darkening the room, is a tube of very high vacuum.

The chief value of the X-ray is, of

course, for purposes of diagnosis. They will penetrate the body, showing at once the position of the bones, of any solid object embedded in the flesh, etc.—and also, to a lesser extent, the principal viscera, the digestion of a meal of food (after bismuth has been eaten), etc. Photographs may be taken in this manner ("radiographs"); or the shadows may be observed by means of the "fluoroscope," which is a screen of cardboard, upon which a fluorescent salt of some metal has been fixed. When it is interposed between the eye and the object to be studied by the experimenter, it produces a varying degree of transparency in the object.

Travelogue on Trout

IMAGINE that the Adirondacks were just discovered, with all their innumerable lakes. No rich men's "camps," no big hotels, no Pullmans to drop you within a few steps of where the trout used to be, but everything brand new, untouched, and as if just created. That is what the inhabitants of western Colorado have in the Mesa Lakes, which lie some ten or eleven thousand feet up in the sky on the top of what is called the "western slope." Five years ago these lakes—some hundred or more of them—were scarcely, in a tourist's sense, "discovered." They, and the Rainbow and "native" trout in them, were known only to the Ute Indians who left them some thirty years ago, and to a few local cattlemen and hunters. Even now one may only climb to them by a single road which is about as steep and rough as a roller-coaster at Coney Island. Yet every Saturday night the farmers and the

business men from the little towns round about—the country is as yellow and bare as the Sahara except where the ditches bring their mountain water—come drumming up here in their cars with their tents and families. And on any summer day, modern gasoline gypsies from as far away as Nebraska or Oregon, come poking in on their cross country tours to look the place over. The lakes are in what used to be craters,—clear as ice, and uncannily deep, sometimes. It is curious to climb to the rims above them and look out over country which, except for its dark green squares of alfalfa and orchards, looks like "the country God forgot."

Ten years from now costly macadam highways will doubtless wind up an easy grade to the top of the mesa. And more people will come—but the game-warden will not have to bother so much to see that they don't catch too many trout.

Motor Department

(Concluded from page 347)

would occupy in square feet. It is the ability to produce power from a small, compact, concentrated plant that is the feature of the gasoline engine. A block of iron less than thirty inches long, two feet high and one foot wide, which can drive a car with five passengers at fifty miles an hour is indeed self-contained and concentrated. The steam-power plant, through the use of liquid fuel and high pressure, may be designed with nearly the same compactness, but it has required the internal combustion engine to develop materials and heat and pressure resisting designs which would enable the steam-power plant to compete with its internal combustion brother.

The future developments of the small compact power plant must be sought in a more efficient use of the fuels at our disposal. We have already pointed out how about 10 per cent. of the energy which can be developed by a gallon of gasoline is used for propelling the car. Gasoline, or other liquid hydrocarbons will always doubtless remain the fuels we will employ in a steam boiler or in the combustion chamber of the internal engine, but by changes in the design of the engine and chemical combinations in the combustion chamber we may change the 10 per cent. energy to 20 or even 30 per cent.

A famous automobile engineer has well said that the "fuel problem" of the country is not so much the lack of supply as it is the inability of one of the most popular cars on the market to average more than sixteen to seventeen miles to a gallon. "If," said he, "one-half of all the cars in this country could be made to deliver twenty-five to thirty miles on a gallon instead of fifteen, we would have no fuel problem."

DO YOU KNOW:

1. Why is a forging better than a casting?
 2. Why are not piston rings made of steel?
- Answers to these questions will be found in the next issue of the Motor Department.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN THE LAST MOTOR DEPARTMENT

1. What is the reason for the fan cut-out on the new Wills St. Clair car?

Fans in motor cars are used for drawing air through the radiator to cool the water. Above twenty or twenty-five miles per hour the fan serves but little purpose inasmuch as the speed of the car through the air creates enough "wind" to cool the water sufficiently under ordinary conditions. The fan, however, represents a certain power consumption. Therefore, in order to save the useless power which the fan consumes at high speed this automatic clutch has been developed to disconnect the fan as soon as a sufficient cooling speed of travel has been reached.

2. How can the motometer indicate overheating in the engine when this is due to a lack of oil?

Oil serves a double purpose—it reduces friction between adjacent moving parts and carries away excess heat. If insufficient oil is used, the moving surfaces will become exceedingly hot; in the case of the main crank shaft and connecting rod bearings, this heat will extend over a considerable surface and will communicate itself to the cylinder walls and thence to the jacket water. Inasmuch as a motometer indicates the temperature of the jacket water (or cooling water), lack of lubrication in the engine itself will soon be ascertained on the motometer.

Another Big Feature

Clare Sheridan's American Diary

THE clever diary, from the time of Samuel Pepys to Margot Asquith has always attracted the largest share of human attention. To come into close contact with remarkable people, with the leaders of society and government, is an experience granted to comparatively few; but of these few, literally not one in a thousand has the gift of reporting what he or she has seen. Mrs. Clare Sheridan, as an observer and diarist, is one of the elect. Her book, "Mayfair to Moscow" proved this to an astonished and highly diverted public, some of whom did not know whether to be shocked or delighted by her engaging narrative of her trip from England to Moscow with Kamenev, her life in the Guest House under the rule of the Bolshevik commissars, her portraits of Lenine, Trotzky and others, whom she sculpted in enduring busts, the while she made mental notes of every eccentricity and personal trait they possessed.

"Close-ups" of American Leaders

Now Clare Sheridan, after visits in New York, Pittsburgh, Washington and finally Mexico City, writes for Metropolitan her impressions of the people she met on this side of the Atlantic. A woman of society in England, a cousin of Winston Churchill, the English statesman, she stepped easily into the higher social circles in America. *With just the right amount of frankness, sparing no detail, she describes her visits into the homes of the Vanderbilts, the Whitneys, the Otto Kahns, the Morgans, and her adventures in Washington society. What Clare Sheridan makes of New York life is worth knowing because it satisfies our curiosity about the metropolis of America.*

Beginning with the memoirs of Joseph Pulitzer, which were followed by the autobiography of Anna Howard Shaw, then the life of Maria Botchkareva, Raymond Robin's Story, and finally the memoirs of Margot Asquith, the Metropolitan has presented within the last few years a brilliant and sparkling list of intimate memoirs of world interest. Clare Sheridan's American diary is a worthy successor to those which have gone before.

In announcing this feature, beginning in October Metropolitan, out September 15, the Metropolitan offers a magazine story which no one who keeps in the current of the affairs of the day can afford to miss. 25 cents at your newsstand, or send us \$3.00 for a year's subscription.

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The Rodeo Girls Who Flirt with Death

(Concluded from page 351)

came from the packed stands, as Miss Stockum was flung far and Miss Canutt was thrown. Miss Stockum, displaying grit which caused the groan to be succeeded by cheers, ran to her third horse and continued the race, falling a second time when her mount started too suddenly. Again she got up, regained her seat on the third horse, and continued on behind Miss Trickey.

Meantime, Miss Canutt, ostensibly not as badly injured as Miss Stockum because of the firmer seat she had at the time of the collision, got up, staggered a step or two, and fell into the arms of men who lined the track. Again the ambulance was called from the far end of the field, and Miss Canutt was revived and treated for a severely bruised hip and badly skinned arm.

Five minutes later, she was participating in the trick riding events. The horse which she had ridden in the relay sustained a broken leg, and was shot. That night the Sioux Indians had a barbecue.

And so they travel. Bruised in Cheyenne to-day, perhaps broken in Bozeman the next week, they follow the game. From Canada to Texas they go

the rounds, and in winter, after they have rested for a month, they may ride some famous relay string in Tia Juana.

But is sticking to a saddle all they know? Not much. Most of them design and make their own fancy riding clothes—picturesque apparel which, though characteristic, differs much from that worn by the men. Miss Trickey's favorite riding apparel is not the conventional divided skirt and flannel shirt, but a cerise affair which reminds one of nothing in particular save, vaguely, a high-school girl's basketball uniform. Big pink hair ribbons flutter beneath a hat of heroic dimensions, and competent cowboy boots with spurs encase slender legs.

In winter, Miss Trickey, if she does not go to Tia Juana or New York, returns to the Bar-O outfit in Oregon, and rests—and faith, she needs it. Miss Canutt, when she isn't taming horses, quite surprisingly is the competent cashier of a bank in Wallace, Ida. Mrs. Roberts finds time to devote herself to her family in St. Louis. All of them are competent in the women's arts of sewing and cooking, as well as those of "riding Roman" and bronco busting, until recently generally regarded as exclusively a field for men.

"Caruso! Carissimo!"—(Concluded from page 350)

been certain that he never could sing again at the top of his form.

As it is he ascends into the hierarchy of the immortals, one of the outstanding figures of all time in the realm of song. And the story of his death at the tragic fairy fingers of the worthless straw, that silly silken pagliacci, will forever weave a dithyramb of pathos through the sunny warp and woof of his priceless memory.

Yet how simple he was! I remember the day I first met him in the office of Will Guard at the opera. He was not on the bill that day, but he hung about as if he had been in the cast. I had just been talking with an Italian sub-contractor on Staten Island concerning the remodeling of a house. I was immediately struck with his similarity in type with Caruso. They were outwardly as like as two peas, plain Americanized Italians, with bluff and charming naivete. I asked Caruso if it was true that he suffered from stage fright at each performance as I had heard that he did.

He laughed. "No," said he, "I only die." Then he quickly added, "did you ever see a bull fight?" For a few minutes we compared notes on bull fighting. Then I enquired for the meaning of his question.

"The day I appear," he continued, "I am like a bull getting ready for the ring. I eat nothing. During the day I read some old notices. These are my picadors. They excite me, for I hear them saying, between the lines, 'look out or you will

not sing like Caruso again.' I get to my dressing-room about six o'clock and begin to make up. Then the banderillos—the orchestra—get busy. That makes me mad. I say, 'I will be Caruso again.' Then the matador—the audience—comes after me. I fight—I fight for my life, but in the end it is always the same. The matador always gets me—always the sword through the heart."

I expressed astonishment at this revelation of the happy, the gay Caruso, the well-known caricaturist, the practical joker, the life of the party whom everyone who ever saw him about the opera house supposed to be without a care in the world.

His eyes twinkled and the boyish grin appeared on his mobile face. "I told you," he explained, "I do not suffer. I always die happy!"

The French have a saying, "no man can trade his skin for another's." Yet how many would gladly trade with Caruso, to have the privilege of his life, from beginning to end?

His imaginative description of his relation to his audiences was the whole story of his life. Much as he loved his singing, always there was that underlying consciousness that he engaged in a mortal combat on each appearance.

He invariably threw his whole body and soul into every contact with his public. Then once too often he engaged in a knockout fight. It was to a finish, and "Pagliacci" was the victor.

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